

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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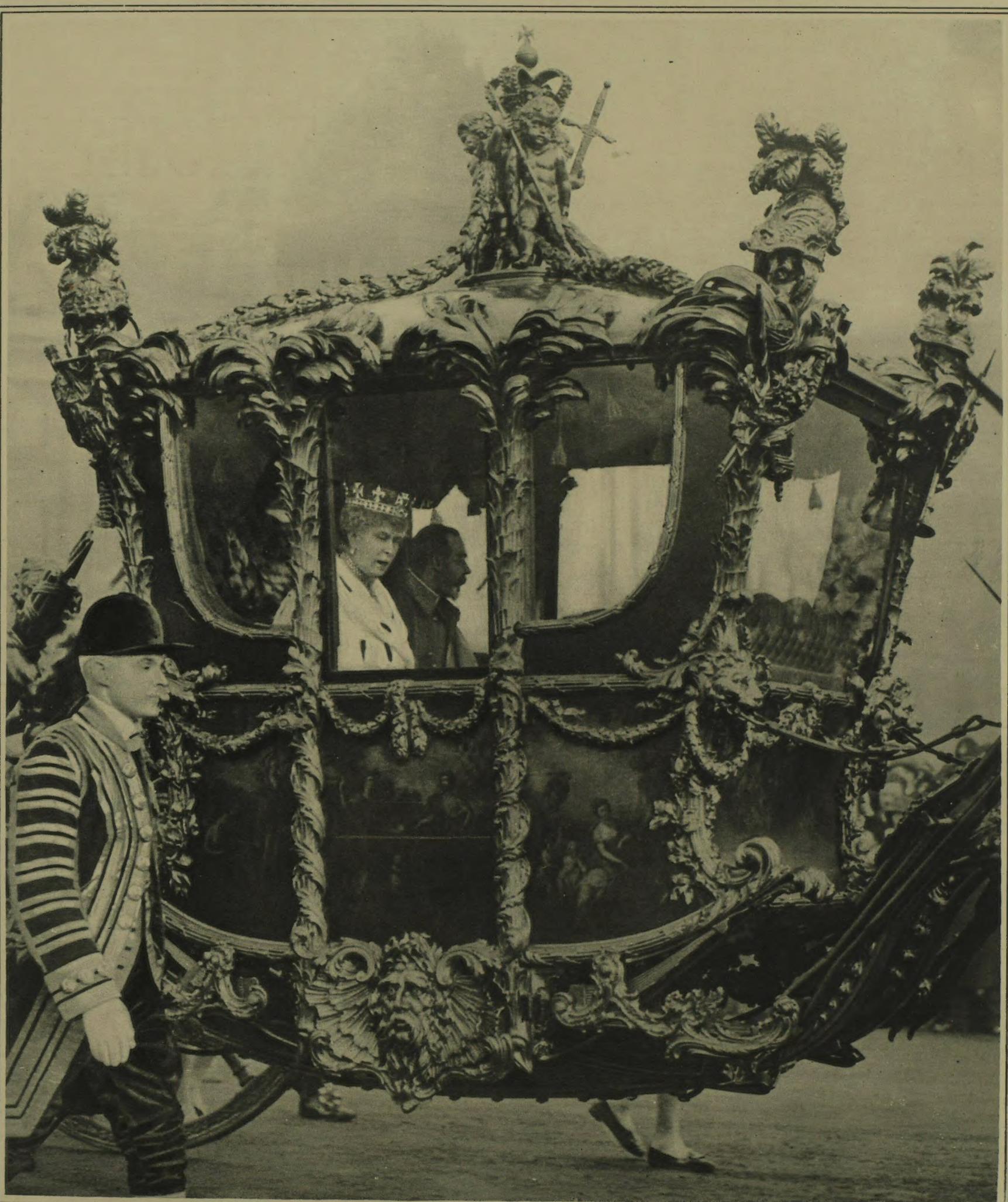
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., GLASGOW.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1924.

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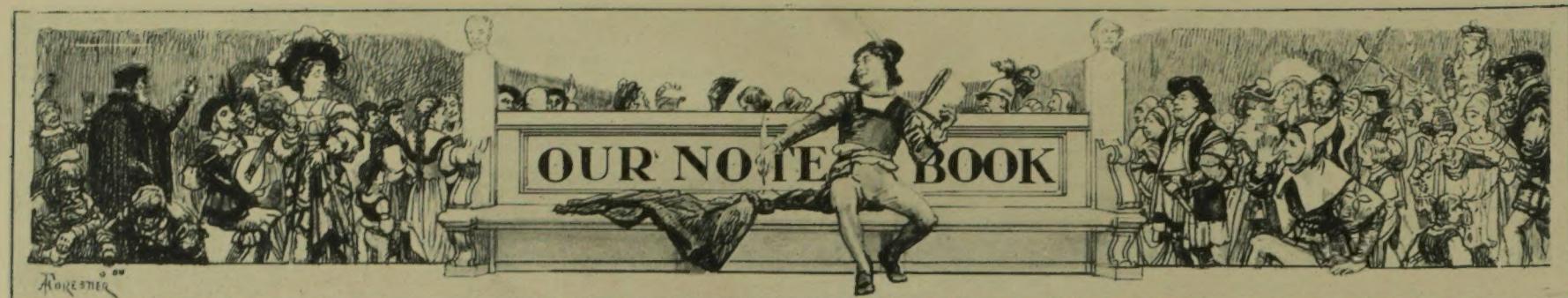


## HISTORIC REGAL PAGEANTRY AT THE OPENING OF A PARLIAMENT THAT WILL MAKE NEW HISTORY: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN IN THEIR STATE COACH ON THE WAY TO WESTMINSTER.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, opened Parliament on January 15, in the full splendour of pageantry traditional to the occasion. As they drove from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords at Westminster, in the historic gilded State coach drawn by eight bay horses, with Yeomen of the Guard walking on either side, their Majesties received an enthusiastic welcome from the people

gathered all along the route. Many Labour Members standing at the gates of Palace Yard cheered heartily as the Royal coach arrived. The procession was led by a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry, followed by five carriages containing members of the Household. The King was in Field-Marshal's uniform, and the Queen wore a cloak of ermine.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

QUERIES have been raised about an article I wrote here on Lord Birkenhead—or rather, on the alleged principle or lack of principle underlying his exposition of the history of war in general, and the late war in particular. Both questions refer more specially to the latter, the first being the question of whether anything was really won by the war, and the second the question of whether that war was damaging to the prestige of Christendom.

As to the first point, I can only say what I myself think, which may be very different from what other people are now thinking, though I will venture to say it is very like what they were all thinking (and saying pretty fiercely) a very little while ago. I think the victory over Prussia was the most vital and the most valuable thing that has happened since the victory over Attila, or possibly since the victory over Carthage. I think it will grow more fruitful every year, and that men will be thanking God for it after a thousand years. But I think that it is precisely because English people are now not very clear about what sort of a triumph it was that they have begun to wonder whether it was a triumph at all. Throughout the war I for one insisted in many places, and especially in this place, upon the real nature of the war and our national part in it. The fundamental fallacy was the fashion of regarding it as a war between the British Empire and the German Empire. Those who regarded it in that way are naturally puzzled by the sequel, in which the merely commercial collapse of Germany seems to be of no particular profit to the merely commercial interest of England. The truth is that we underrate the greatness and the generosity and the historical imagination of the part that we ourselves played. We are repenting of our own virtues; we are thinking better of our own wisdom. The war was not a rivalry between the British Empire and the German Empire. It was not even felt by most Englishmen when it first broke out as a rivalry between the British Empire and the German Empire. It would be far more like the fact to go back a thousand years and call it a rivalry between the Roman Empire and the Huns. It was a war between England as a part of Europe and Prussia as the leader of the barbarism that has always existed on the border of Europe. That barbarism has suffered defeat and that barbarism is suffering dissolution. But the old countries, especially the other countries representing the old civilisation, are not going to suffer dissolution.

Nevertheless, people insist on saying that Europe is going Bolshevik, when they mean that the barbarism is going Bolshevik. They insist on saying that Europe is going bankrupt, when they mean that the barbarism is going bankrupt. France and Italy and Belgium are not going Bolshevik; and it is not in the least likely that they ever will in the real economic sense go bankrupt. I say in the real economic sense,

because there are always financiers there and everywhere else to play superficial tricks in a merely financial sense. But the old civilisation is still largely a civilisation of peasants, and its wealth will always be real. It is perfectly true that we have, unfortunately, lost our peasantry; and it is perfectly true that we have a right to watch with a reasonable vigilance the rivalry of the peasant countries. But that is no reason for seeing the most enormous event in all modern history as something totally different from what it was. In a word, I am quite sure that something won very decisively in the Great War, and the only question is whether England is to be on the side of what won or of what was defeated.

It is so also with the other point arising out of Lord Birkenhead's address and my remarks upon it. This also concerns a broad view of a tradition of our common civilisation, though it is the religious rather than the purely political one. People still go about

increasing civilisation was leaving it behind; who printed in their hymn-book the positive prophecy—

"A nobler order yet shall be  
Than any that the world has known,"

and described it as free from wars and all other woes. It was the Marxian materialists who did positively promise that the international proletariat would prevent a war in Europe. I never heard of any priest who thus promised that the Church would do it. In short, it is simply self-evident, to any fair-minded person who lived through that period, that it was the whole anti-clerical and agnostic world that was busy prophesying the advent of universal peace; and it was that world that was, or should have been, abashed and confounded by the advent of universal war. But people with short memories are not easily abashed. By the end of five years' fighting these people have entirely forgotten what they themselves had originally said, and have found it convenient to accuse the priests and parsons of having said it. It never so much as crossed their minds that they themselves could ever have been wrong; so, if something was said that turned out to be wrong, it was obvious that somebody else must have said it. And if somebody was to be blamed, who could it possibly be except the Christian Church, the convenient and universal cockshy? The Christians were once accused of setting Rome on fire; the Christians were again accused not only of setting Europe on fire, but of having done it after declaring that fire was entirely fabulous. These people were not likely to recall the fact that they had actually taunted Christians with not sharing in the triumphant hopes of an incombustible world. They have the impudence to turn round and accuse us of breaking promises we never made, while they themselves really were breaking promises, which they not only made but reproached us with not making.

This is only one example of the random reproaches marking this mere restless mood of reaction against the European religious tradition. To anyone who can think, of course, the Great War was one enormous working model of the Church's moral theory about man. It showed that man has the mastery of all things except of himself. It showed that no amount of science in the preparation of things can prevent there being sin in the use of them. It showed man doing things impossible to the animals, but not very far removed from the devils. And it showed that the spiritual issue of right and wrong remains in exactly the same proportions in a duel of battle-axes as in a duel of battle-axes, or a duel of stone hatchets. Anyone who knows what the Church did say will agree that the war was simply a huge illustration of what she had always said. But I am only interested in the matter here as one out of many examples of what I mean by this irrational reaction of mood. It is only part of a confused sense that any stick is good enough to beat the old dog with; to which is added a faint irritation at finding that there is life in the old dog yet.



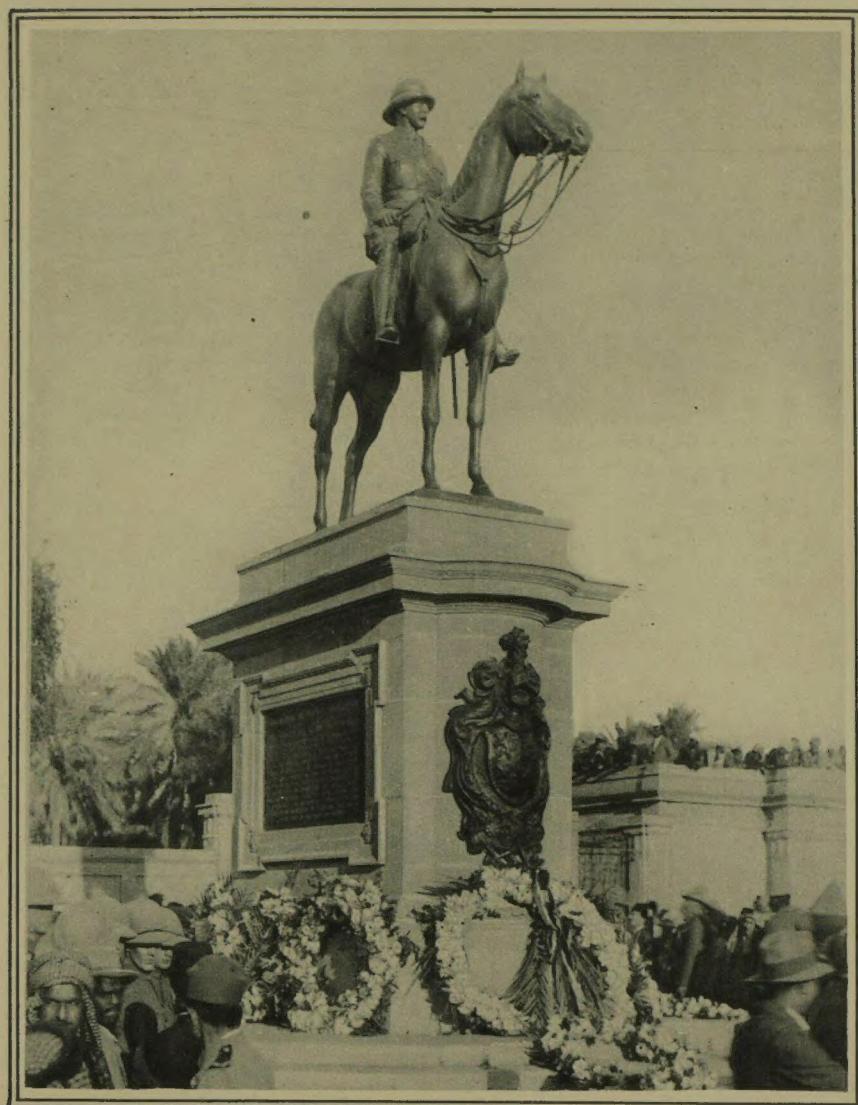
M.P.S WHO HAVE BEEN IN PRISON ENTERTAINED TO DINNER AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: FIFTEEN OF THE NINETEEN THUS QUALIFIED; AND ANOTHER GUEST, VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA.

A unique dinner was given at the House of Commons on January 9 to M.P.s who have been in prison for political or religious reasons, including Suffragists and Conscientious Objectors. The company, it is said, consisted entirely of persons thus qualified. Our photograph shows fifteen of the nineteen ex-prisoner M.P.s (all Labour Members), and Viscountess Rhondda. The figures are (left to right): Front row—Messrs. A. W. Haycock (Salford, W.), Morgan Jones (Glamorgan, Caerphilly), J. H. Hudson (Huddersfield), E. Shinwell (Llanllyfni), C. Dukes (Warrington), R. C. Wallhead (Merthyr Tydfil, Merthyr), Miss Susan Lawrence (East Ham, N.), and Mr. John Scurr (Stepney, Mile End); Back row—J. W. Muir (Glasgow, Maryhill), W. H. Ayles (Bristol, N.), E. D. Morel (Dundee), G. M. Lloyd Davies (University of Wales), Lady Rhondda, and Messrs. Pethick Lawrence (Leicester, W.), D. Kirkwood (Dumbarton), and J. Maxton (Glasgow, Bridgeton). The other four were Messrs. G. Lansbury (Poplar, Bow and Bromley), W. John (Rhondda, W.), W. Windsor (Bethnal Green, N.E.), and S. March (Poplar, S.)—[Photo. C.N.]

gravely repeating that Christianity was refuted by the Great War, which is rather like saying that Noah's Ark was refuted by the Flood. The Ark was only built because men were likely to be drowned in a deluge; and the Church was only founded because men are liable to be swept away perpetually by a deluge of dark passions and destructive sins. But the Church certainly never said that there would be no sins and no wars; and some of the more mystical adumbrations about the last days seemed to suggest that there would be more sins and more wars. An enemy is quite free to charge religion with what he would call a hopeless lack of progressive faith; but not free to charge it at the same time with hopelessness and with holding out delusive hopes. As a point of plain fact, it was the rationalist critics of Christianity who held out the delusive hopes. It was their rationalistic optimism that was refuted by the Great War. It was the agnostics in the ethical societies who printed in their prayer-book that "strife between nations is barbaric" and implied that

## THE MAUDE MEMORIAL; THE PRINCE IN FRANCE; PARLIAMENT OPENED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION R.A.F., H.Q., MESOPOTAMIA; I.B.; AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE LIBERATOR OF IRAQ COMMEMORATED IN BAGHDAD: THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK STANLEY MAUDE.



THE "EARL OF CHESTER" IN FRANCE: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE, IN "BOWLER") AT A STAG HUNT, WITH MEMBERS AND HUNTSMEN IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.



THE OPENING OF A MEMORABLE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT: THE STATE COACH CONTAINING THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THEIR WAY TO WESTMINSTER ON JANUARY 15 (SEE FRONT PAGE).

The fine equestrian statue of General Maude, the conqueror of the Turks in Mesopotamia, was unveiled at Bagdad on December 3 by the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Dobbs, in the presence of King Feisal, whose wreath was deposited along with those of Air Marshal Sir John Salmond, the French and American Consuls, and many others. The subscriptions for the memorial came from all ranks and nationalities then serving in Mesopotamia. The statue is the work of Sir William Goscombe John, and Mr. Edward Warren designed the pedestal, the stone for which was brought from the Indian Government stone-works at Delhi.

The inscription records that General Maude was appointed to the Mesopotamian Command in August 1916, and captured Bagdad in March 1917. Its fall resounded through the world and greatly encouraged the Allies. Sir Henry Dobbs spoke of General Maude as "worthy of comparison with the long line of conquerors of Mesopotamia—Cyrus, Alexander, Trajan, the Islamic generals, and Hulagu."—During his visit to France, as "Earl of Chester," the Prince of Wales attended a hunt by M. Gaston Menier's staghounds in the forest of Villers Cotterets. The members of the hunt and the huntsmen wore picturesque Louis XV. costume.

FASCISTI—AND MUSSOLINI—IN A FILM AT ROME:  
“THE ETERNAL CITY.”



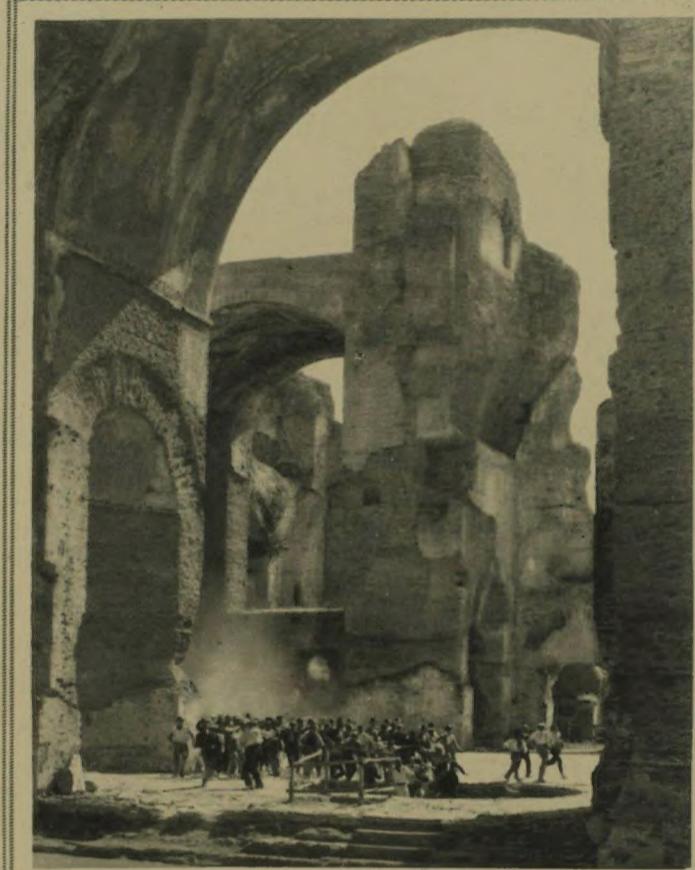
LENT BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT FOR FILM PURPOSES: THE HOUSE OF SAVOY REGIMENT (THE KING'S LANCERS) IN A SCENE OF CAVALRY DISPERSING A MOB.



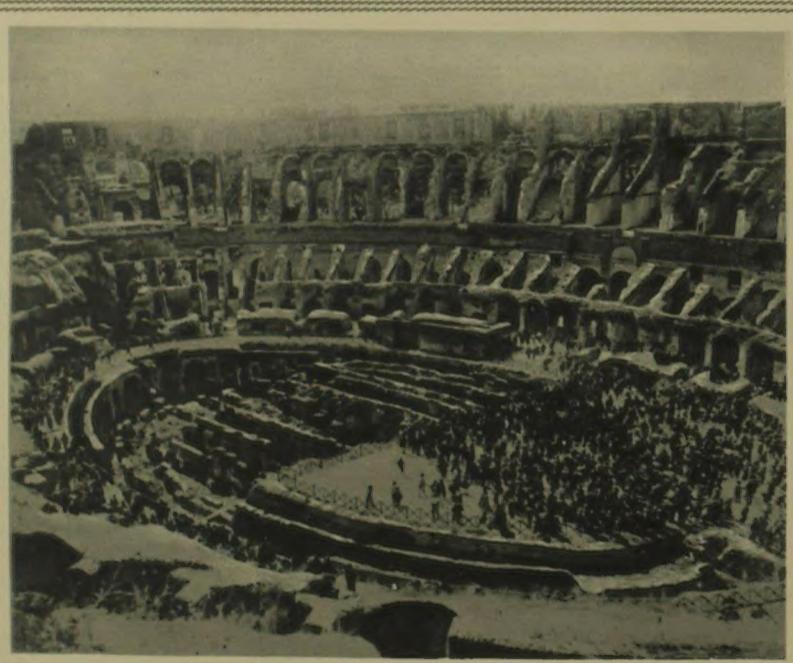
THE FASCIST “DICTATOR” APPEARS IN AN AMERICAN FILM PICTURE:  
SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AS SEEN IN “THE ETERNAL CITY.”



ACTUAL FASCISTI DEMONSTRATING IN THE COLISEUM AT ROME: ONE OF THE GREAT “CROWD” SCENES IN THE FILM OF “THE ETERNAL CITY.”



THE REAL RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME PROVIDE THE SETTING FOR “THE ETERNAL CITY”: A MOB RUSHING TO ATTACK THE HEROINE’S HOUSE.



THE COLISEUM ITSELF AS A MAGNIFICENT FILM “SETTING”: A MASS MEETING OF FASCISTI BEFORE THE ATTACK ON THE HOUSE OF DONNA ROMA.



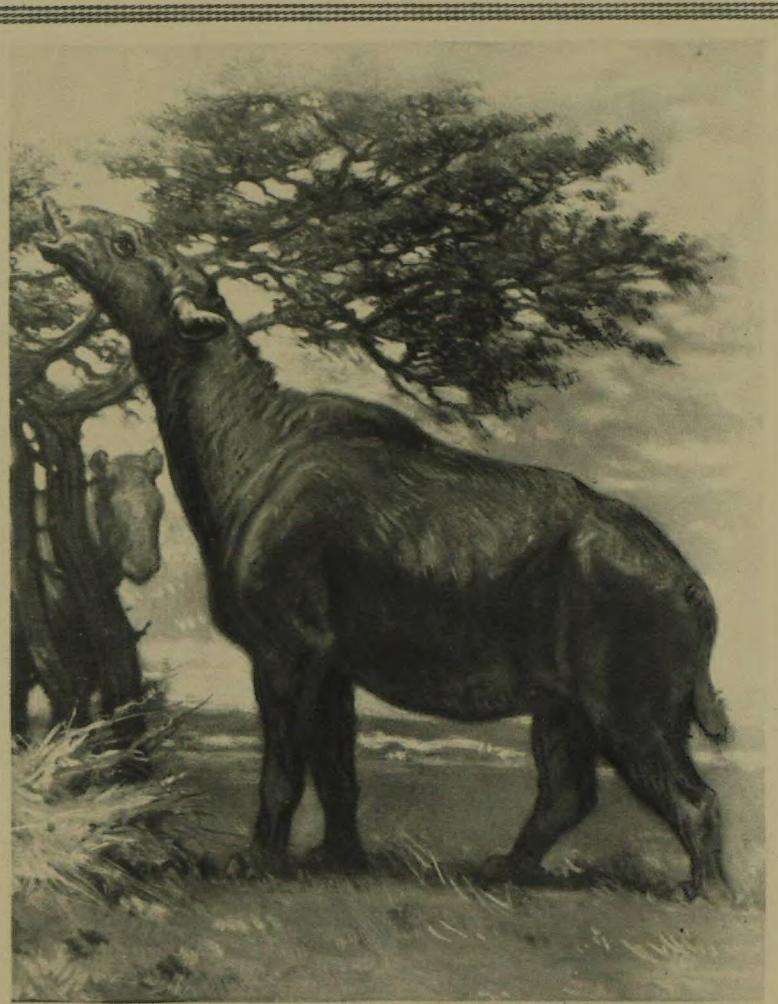
SHOWING MISS BARBARA LA MARR AS DONNA ROMA (STANDING—CENTRE BACKGROUND—GIVING A TOAST): THE BANQUET SCENE IN “THE ETERNAL CITY.”

The great “First National” film play, based on a modernised version of Sir Hall Caine’s novel, “The Eternal City,” is remarkable for the fact that Rome formed the setting, crowds of Fascisti take part in various scenes, and even King Victor and Signor Mussolini consented to make incidental appearances. The Premier was filmed sitting at his official desk, and, to improve the light, the sunshine was reflected into the room by means of screens held by men posted on adjacent roofs and at windows. The American producer, Mr. George Fitzmaurice, brought his whole company to Rome, rather than “manufacture” the scenes at Hollywood,

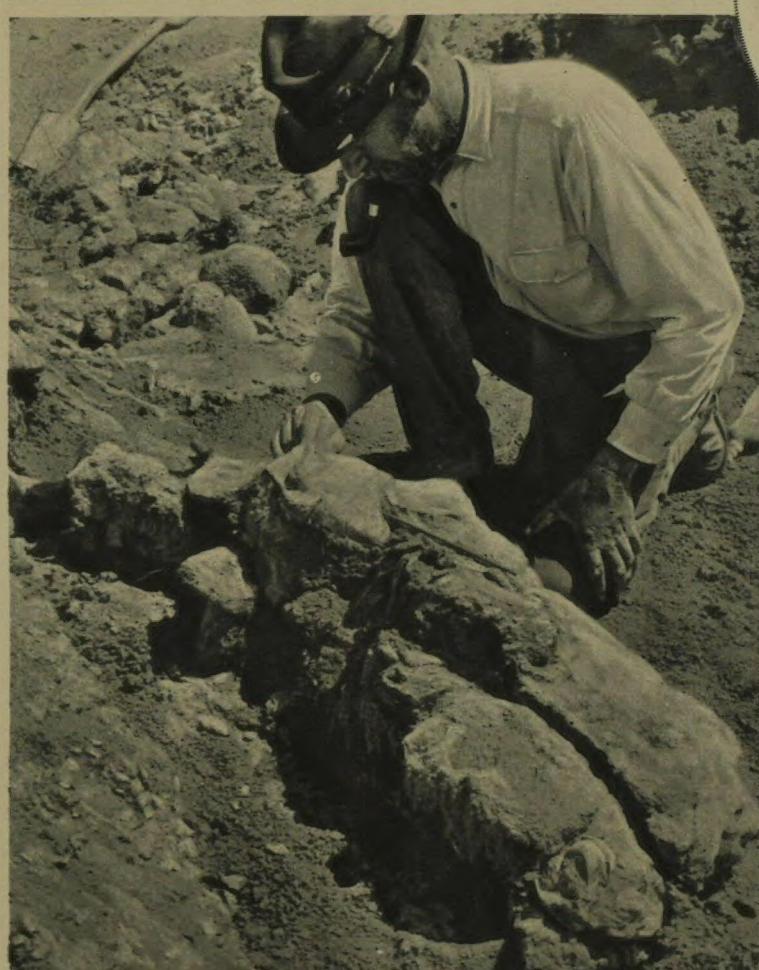
and he received every kind of help and encouragement from the Italian authorities. For the purpose of a scene in which cavalry disperses a mob that has attacked the heroine’s house, the Government granted the use of the King’s own regiment, known as the House of Savoy Regiment, or the King’s Lancers. For the crowd scenes in the Coliseum, a cordon of police and troops was told off to prevent the public from entering the great ruins; and for another scene, between the balcony of the Capitol and the Forum, an infantry regiment was paraded. The part of the heroine, Donna Roma, is played by Miss Barbara La Marr.

## FOUND NEAR THE DINOSAUR EGGS: MORE MONGOLIAN DISCOVERIES.

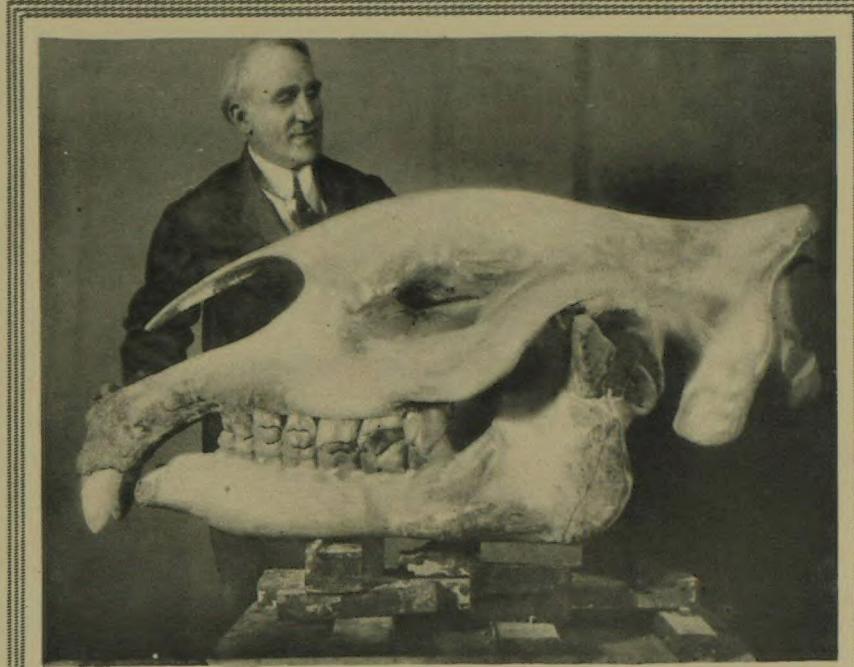
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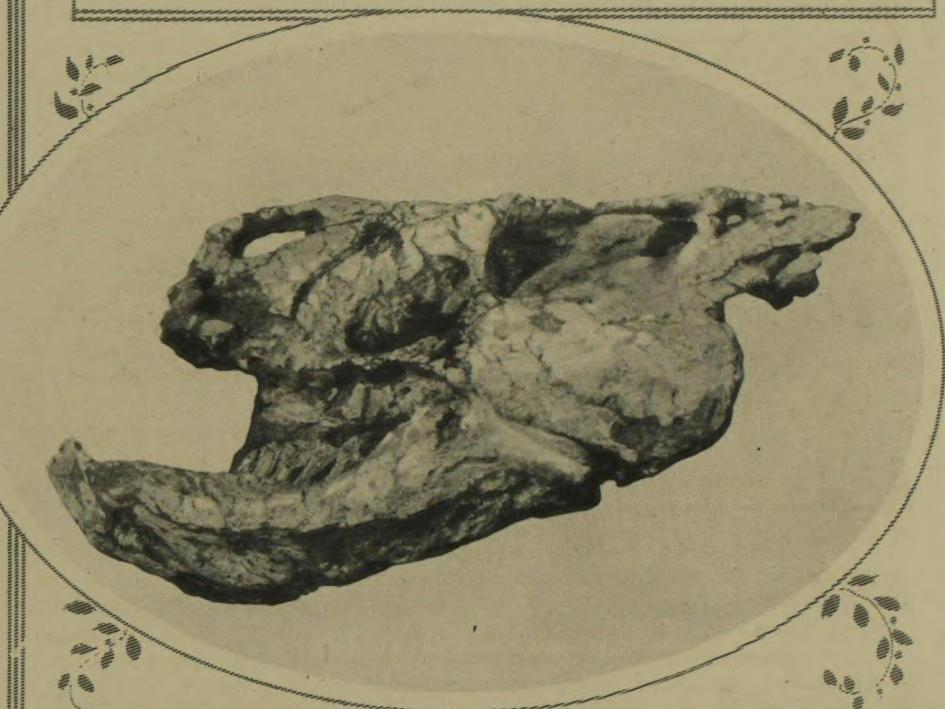
1. THE LARGEST KNOWN LAND MAMMAL, THAT LIVED 3,000,000 YEARS AGO: THE EIGHTEEN-FEET-HIGH BALUCHITHERIUM, BROWSING ON TREE-TOPS.



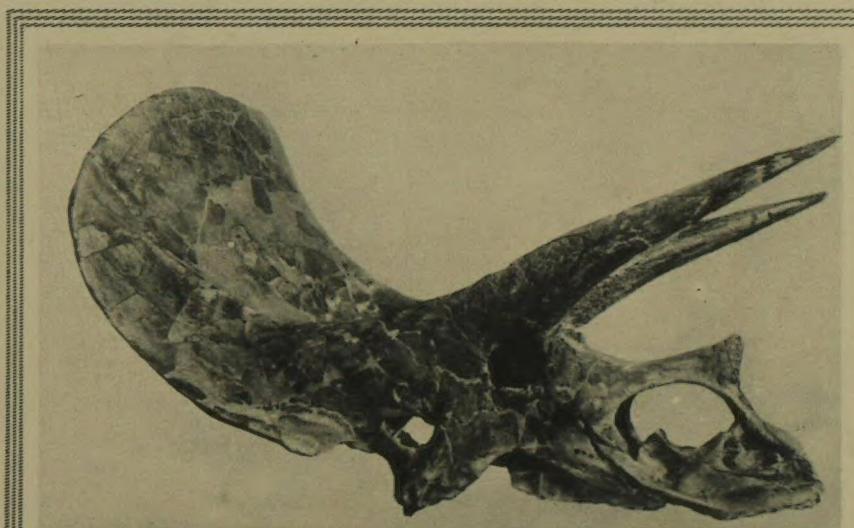
2. WRAPPING-UP THE GIGANTIC SKULL OF THE BALUCHITHERIUM FOUND IN MONGOLIA: MR. WALTER GRANGER, CHIEF PALEONTOLOGIST OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION.



3. SHOWING ITS IMMENSE SIZE COMPARED WITH MAN: MR. OTTO FALKENBACK, OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, AND THE GIGANTIC BALUCHITHERIUM SKULL.



4. AN ANCESTOR OF THE GREAT HORNED DINOSAURS: A LITTLE SKULL (ONLY EIGHT INCHES LONG) OF PROTOCERATOPS, SHOWING INCIPENT NECK ARMOUR (RIGHT CORNER).



5. WITH PROTECTIVE BONY FRILL ON THE NECK FULLY DEVELOPED, AND LONG HORMS: A SKULL OF TRICERATOPS, DESCENDED FROM PROTOCERATOPS.

We show here some more of the remarkable discoveries made in the Gobi Desert of Mongolia by the third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, near the spot where they found the now famous ten-million-year-old Dinosaur eggs (recently illustrated in these pages). The Museum has offered one of the twenty-five eggs for sale at auction, announcing that no bid of less than 8500 dols. (nominally £1000) would be accepted. Next in importance to the Dinosaur eggs was the discovery of an enormous skull of a Baluchitherium, the largest known land mammal, 3,000,000 years old. Its head was 18 ft. from the

ground, and it browsed on tree-tops. The animal was a highly specialised development of a much more ancient rhinoceros, and a modern "rhino" could have walked under its stomach. In photograph No. 2, Mr. Granger is seen wrapping the skull in burlap dipped in flour paste, for packing. The restored skull (seen, in No. 3) was completed, from the bones found, by filling in missing parts with plaster-of-Paris. Protoceratops, whose skull (shown in No. 4) was only 8 in. long, was an ancestor of the great reptile horned Dinosaurs with skulls twelve times as large. They developed a huge bony "frill" as neck armour, well displayed in No. 5.

## MODERN MASTERS FOR MIDDLE-CLASS HOMES: AN EXHIBITION OF 30-GUINEA PICTURES BY FAMOUS PAINTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILL F. TAYLOR.



BY DAVID MUIRHEAD: "DISTANT VIEW OF RIPON."



BY JULIUS OLSSON, R.A.: "ON THE CORNISH COAST."



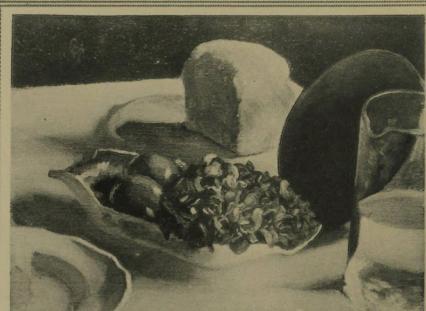
BY C. M. GERE, A.R.W.S.: "TUSCAN VINTAGE."



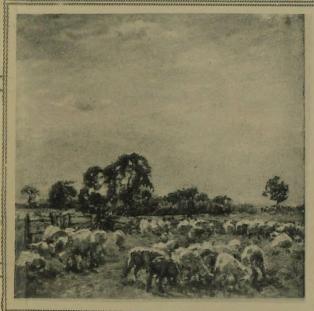
BY W. WALCOT, R.B.A.: "LA GIUDECCA, VENICE."



BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.O.I., R.I.: "PANSIES."



BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.: "STILL LIFE."



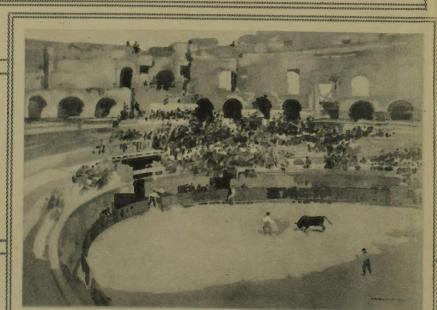
BY MARK FISHER, R.A.: "SHEEP FEEDING."



BY ROBERT ANNING BELL, R.A.: "SIMEON IN THE TEMPLE."



BY OLIVER HALL, A.R.A.: "SOLWAY MARSH LAND."



BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.S.W., R.W.S.: "BULL-BAITING."



BY MOUAT LOUDAN: "ROSES."



BY HAROLD SPEED: "MOONLIGHT ON THE SEINE."

Why should not the middle-class householder of moderate means adorn his walls with original pictures by living artists? The answer hitherto has been that the prices of such works are prohibitive, except to the wealthy. This, however, is no longer wholly true, since, to help in popularising art in the home, some of our best living painters have, with great public spirit, agreed to forego the big prices which they can command, and to accept a small amount, so as to place their work within the reach of many who have so far been unable to afford it. The scheme has begun with an exhibition, opened at the Beaux Arts

Gallery in Bruton Street, on January 14, containing pictures of dimensions suitable to the home rather than to the picture gallery, and to be sold at the fixed price of thirty guineas each. Among the famous artists represented are Sir William Orpen, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Julius Olsson, and other well-known R.A.s, several examples of whose works shown at the exhibition are illustrated above. The idea was originated by Major F. Lessore, the Canadian sculptor, and the results will be watched with great interest.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, S. AND G., BARRATT, SPECIAL PRESS AND C.N.



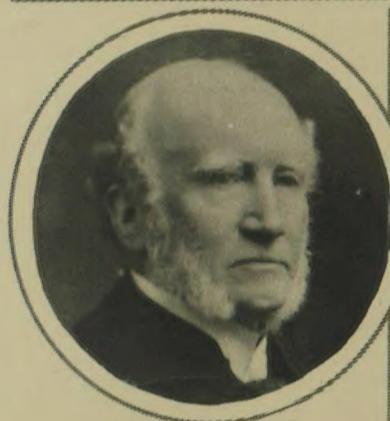
THE NEW BISHOP OF ELY: THE VEN. LEONARD J. WHITE-THOMSON, ARCHDEACON AND CANON OF CANTERBURY.



REPORTED ENGAGED TO DUKE ALBERT EUGENE OF WÜRTTEMBERG: PRINCESS NADEJDA OF BULGARIA—WITH HER BROTHER, KING BORIS.



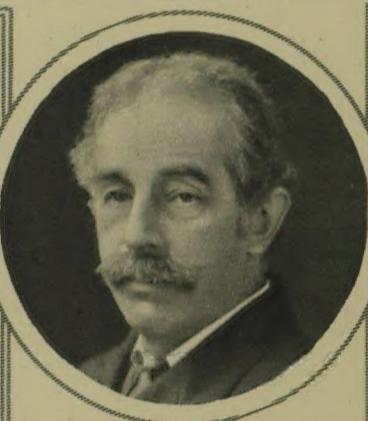
A FAMOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER: THE LATE SIR RICHARD MUIR, SENIOR COUNSEL FOR THE TREASURY.



A GREAT CHURCHMAN: THE LATE VERY REV. HENRY WACE, DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



A FAMOUS AMATEUR CROSS-COUNTRY JOCKEY: THE LATE CAPT. G. HARBOURD BENNET.



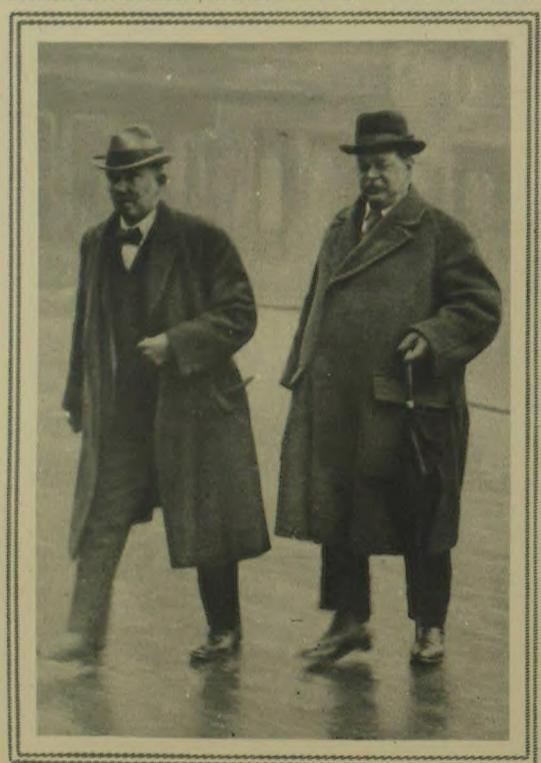
AN AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT ARMENIAN TEXTS: THE LATE DR. F. C. CONYBEARE.



HEAD OF THE PARTY WHICH SWEPT THE COUNTRY IN EGYPT: ZAGHLUL PASHA.



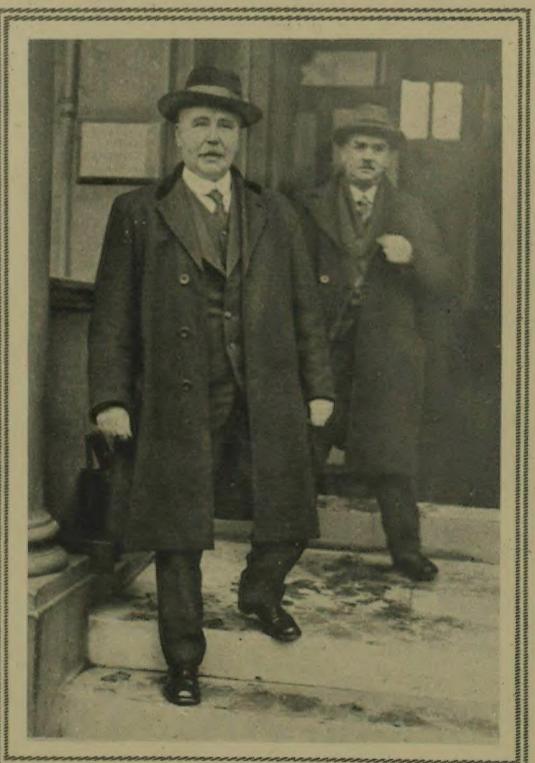
TRAVELLER, LANDOWNER, AND POLITICIAN: THE LATE EARL OF WARWICK.



THE DISCUSSION ON THE THREATENED STRIKE: MR. J. H. THOMAS, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF RAILWAYMEN; AND MR. A. B. SWALES.



THE MEETING OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, IN CONNECTION WITH THE THREATENED STRIKE: MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, THE CHAIRWOMAN.



THE SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATED SOCIETY OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN: MR. J. BROMLEY LEAVING THE MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.

The Venerable Leonard J. White-Thomson, M.A., Archdeacon and Canon of Canterbury, who is the new Bishop of Ely, vice the Right Rev. Frederic Chase, resigned, is sixty. He is a Cambridge man, and has much pastoral experience. He is the Squire of Broomford Manor, Devon, which he inherited from his father, Colonel Sir Robert White-Thomson, K.C.B.—It was announced from Sofia on January 13 that Princess Nadejda, second daughter of ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, was engaged to Duke Albert Eugene of Württemberg, second son of the late Albert Duke of Württemberg.—Sir Richard Muir, Senior Counsel for the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court, died somewhat suddenly, from double-pneumonia, on January 14. He was in his sixty-seventh year. In early life he was a journalist, in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, but he was

called to the Bar in 1884. He was an outstanding figure in many great trials at the Old Bailey and became famous by his cross-examination in the Crippen case.—The late Doctor Wace was born on December 10, 1836. He was not only well known as a Churchman, but was, for a good many years, a leader-writer on the "Times."—Captain G. H. Bennet died on January 13, as the result of a fall at Wolverhampton on December 27, which left him unconscious until the end. He was thirty, and was a veterinary surgeon. His greatest victory was in the Grand National last year, when he rode Sergeant Murphy to victory.—Dr. Conybeare is best known, perhaps, for his "Myth, Magic, and Morals," a study of Christian origins.—Francis Richard Charles Guy Greville, fifth Earl of Warwick, who was born on February 9, 1853, died on January 15. He had been an invalid for some years.

## THE NEW EPSTEIN EXHIBITION: SCULPTURES OF RUGGED POWER

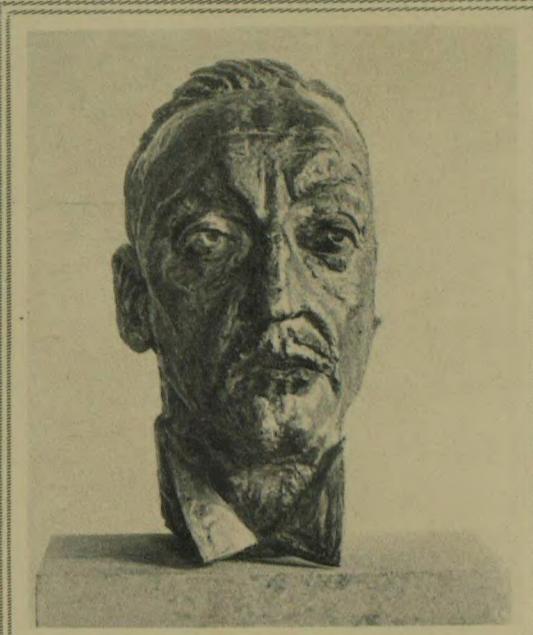
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1-4 AND 6-7 TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. NOS. 5 AND 8 BY SYDNEY W. NEWBERY.



1. THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.



2. PEGGY JEAN (EPSTEIN).



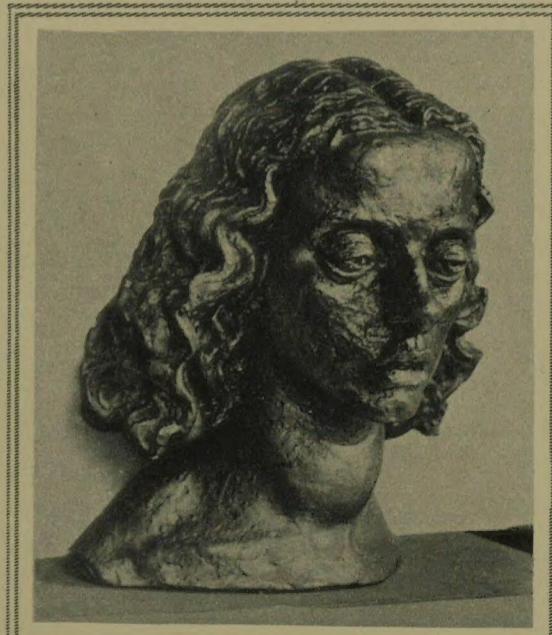
3. THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



4. A SLEEPING GODDESS.



5. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.



6. ELSA LANCHESTER.



7. A WEEPING WOMAN.



8. EVA DERVISH.

Ever since his statues on the British Medical Association building caused such controversy in 1907-8, Mr. Jacob Epstein's sculpture has challenged conventional ideas. When four years ago he held an exhibition of his works, his bronze statue of Christ (illustrated in our issue of February 14, 1920) became the talk of London. Since then the sculptor's fame has been rapidly growing, and public galleries have been steadily acquiring examples of his art, among these being the National Gallery (Chantrey Bequest), and those of the Manchester and Leicester Corporations. The announcement, therefore, of his new exhibition during this month at the

Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, has aroused immense interest and curiosity. A private view has been arranged for January 19. The above photographs show well the rugged power of an art that aims at rendering character and expression by broad effects, and is careless, or deliberately scornful, of smooth surfaces and rounded finish. It is an art that is obviously more suited to the gnarled and masculine type in portraiture. Some may think that, in the treatment of feminine subjects, a little concession to natural smoothness might not detract from its strength or impair its beauty.

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE PLIGHT OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

IT was in a manager's office. In the ante-room a half-a-dozen people were lingering. The stairs were never quiet; up and down people came and went. He was sitting at his desk; a pile of letters, neatly clipped together, lay before him, and on top a sheet of foolscap—a long time-table allotting five minutes to every correspondent. "Look at it!" he said, "a weekend's harvest—two score of applicants for my new play, with a cast of ten or, with understudies, fifteen, all told!" We went through the list of names. The majority were unknown; provincial actors, no doubt, in quest of London fame and lured by it to give up a pretty certain if inglorious existence. For you may be a star in the provinces and loaded with sheaves of printed laurels, but London knows you not. There is a gulf wider than the Straits of Dover between the Metropolis and the county capitals. Sometimes by a fluke, a face, a personality or insistent protection, one or two of these "mute inglorious" may find a billet; sometimes—all too rarely—their luck is to step in at the moment when somebody else has unexpectedly dropped out; but on the whole theirs is a desperate struggle, and heaven knows what becomes of them. If they are lucky, they may be taken back in the provincial fold; if not, you may find them in all sorts of odd jobs. I met a man the other day who had played fairly important Shakespearean parts on the road. He looked thin and shabby; he tried to avoid me, as people are inclined to do when they are down on their luck. Yet I could not let him go, and begged him to tell me his tale. He hesitated. "Come," I said, "I know you to be honest and full of resource; you are surely not ashamed of what you are doing?" Then he confessed. He was addressing envelopes at one

and-three a thousand. Of course I humoured him, gave him a few hints and a warm introduction. As he was very businesslike and gifted, for a wonder he was taken up, and when I saw him next he was spruce, had put on flesh, and was "full of beans." He has become the right-hand man of a touring manager. But he was an exception, and I could tell of other encounters—at the police court one—a pretty girl of eighteen in the dock for following the easiest way. And the cause was that a bogus manager failed to pay her her miserable salary of 35s. a week, left her stranded at St. Pancras without a sou in her pocket, without a roof, without friends. In this case the missionary took her up and got her shelter in a hostel—a hostel of charity after prancing in gay costumes in revue and being accustomed to Bohemian life! What can become of such a girl?

As these reflections passed through my mind while the manager scrutinised his list, I heard him exclaim: "It is heartbreaking! Look at this—and that—and this"—and one after the other he handed me up letters signed by well-known names: names

that everybody recalls; names that have been placarded on London walls in letters inches long; names that convey to the man in the street big salaries and a nest-egg for the rest of their lives. Such is the fallacy of glamour. In reality they were begging—yes, begging—for a job at any salary the manager wished to give; for they had been for months and months out of work, with all resources drained and uncle-pawnbroker their only friend. They were "out" through no fault of their own. In London there was no room for them. Revue and musical plays, both beyond their sphere, had narrowed the radius of the "legitimate," and in the provinces business was so bad that tours were disbanded for want of support. One of them, an actress who had done much good work, confessed that in two years she had had but five weeks' employ. How do such people live? "I see them all," said my friend, "but can you wonder at it that after these sad meetings I feel like a limp rag? What is the good of advice and guidance when you know that there is but one prescription for remedy, and it is written on a slip of latitude, not longitude—a cheque?"

I could add a good deal of my own experience. It is not only the manager who is beleaguered; the critic, too, is constantly asked to lend a hand and show the way. And what can the critic do for an unemployed actor? The fewest have a voice with managers; they rarely know what is going on when plays are in the making. Though they be willing to help, their levering cannot function until after the curtain is raised. Still, any straw would seem to promise salvage to a drowning soul, and so the critic as well as the manager has his days when he feels limp as a rag because talent has knocked at his door in vain appeal.

The truth is that the profession is sadly overstocked and badly organised. It is overstocked because so many people flock to the stage who, as it were, take the bread out of the mouth of the real workers. The good-looking young man who has learned no particular trade and hates the City, who

has a good home and pocket-money, seeks the stage because it is a pleasant life full of variety. The girl in similar condition, who is bored at home and inflamed by paragraphs in picture-papers, seeks the stage because it gratifies her vanity and means *éclat*. They may have a little talent, but they have no business to oust the workers. It would be well to ask all such aspirants, "Are you going on the stage of necessity or merely because you like the profession?" (that "because I like the profession" is frequent and significant), and then to send them hence with a sound remonstrance for seeking as a pastime that which to others means existence.

The organisation of the profession is defective, and this I say with due deference to and in appreciation of the Actors Association, which could be a power if the leading actors and actresses, those who have arrived and by unity could create force, were to support and endow it with all their might. The A.A. should be the active Labour Exchange, the focus of employers and workers. Were it modelled on the principle of the German Bühnengenossenschaft (Stage Association) to which every manager is bound in allegiance and applies for the actors he wants, there would be hardly any unemployment. In Germany actors out of a billet are rare and generally, for one reason or another, the jetsam of the profession. But here, how is the actor out of work to get on? He may have an agent, but they are as overrun as the managers, and very few of them have a voice in the casting of plays, which is done in a haphazard way in the directorial circle. When the news of coming plays gets into the papers, it is generally no use to apply for a part; by that time all are filled. Of course you may pay calls—and how often are you received and in what manner? Of course you may write letters till you are black in the face: how many are answered, or, if so honoured, otherwise than by



IN IDYLLIC MOOD: MISS BINNIE HALE IN "APRIL'S LADY"—A CHARMING SCENE IN "PUPPETS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Binnie Hale, who acts, sings, and dances with equal effect in the new Vaudeville revue, displays great versatility in many different characters. Her appearance in "April's Lady," for example, is in striking contrast to that in the Embankment scene, also illustrated here.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



APPARENTLY "HUMAN DERELICTS," WHO TURN OUT TO BE NOVELISTS IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOUR: MR. STANLEY LUPINO AND MISS BINNIE HALE IN "SLEEPING OUT," THE EMBANKMENT SCENE IN "PUPPETS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The book of "Puppets," which has unusual coherence for a revue, is entirely by Mr. Dion Titheradge, while all the music is by Mr. Ivor Novello.

Photograph by G.P.U.

a mere formula of regret or a "later on, perhaps"? How is the unemployed actor to get on? I repeat; for even those who can afford to advertise in theatrical papers will admit that, in the great majority of cases, their money could have been more usefully employed. I wish I could proffer an effective reply to remedy the terrible plight. And so things will go from bad to worse, and misery and hunger will have to be endured in secret until some man or woman in the profession will arise to take this vital matter in hand and organise the dramatic profession on a business-like footing. If such a move were supported by the great municipalities—following the splendid example of Bristol, where the Repertory movement is aided in the city—the whole order of things might change.

The question now is: Who will put his shoulder to the wheel?



A CONSCIENTIOUS SON SEEKS TO RECLAIM AN ERRING MOTHER: (L. TO R.) CLÉO (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH); HER SON, HUGO (MR. RALPH FORBES); AND HER LOVER, VICTOR (MR. SAM LIVESEY), IN "THE FLAME," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who had not been seen since "The Laughing Lady," has reappeared at Wyndham's in "The Flame," adapted by Mr. J. B. Fagan from the French of M. Charles Mérité.

Photograph by C.N.

## GREECE AND EGYPT AT COVENT GARDEN: "ALKESTIS" AND "AÏDA."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF "ALKESTIS" BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.; THAT OF "AÏDA" BY THE "TIMES" INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS, TAKEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM DURING THE PERFORMANCE.



THE FIRST LONDON PRODUCTION OF MR. RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S "ALKESTIS": THE CHORUS OF HANDMAIDENS, WHO GREATLY HELPED ITS SUCCESS AT COVENT GARDEN.



THE DEATH SCENE IN "ALKESTIS": ADMETUS (MR. WALTER HYDE); ALKESTIS (MME. CLARA SERENA); THANATOS (MR. FREDERIC COLLIER); A HANDMAID (MISS K. DAVIS).



THE GREAT SCENE AT THE GATE OF THEBES (ACT II., SCENE II.) IN "AÏDA," AT COVENT GARDEN: AWAITING THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN OF RADAMES FROM WAR—SHOWING THE HIGH PRIEST (MR. ROBERT RADFORD, RIGHT) STANDING BEFORE THE PHARAOH AND HIS DAUGHTER AMNERIS (SEATED ON THE EXTREME RIGHT).

The first London production of Mr. Rutland Boughton's new opera, "Alkestis" (to the words of Professor Gilbert Murray's translation from Euripides), previously given at Glastonbury, was the event of the first week of the British National Opera Company's season at Covent Garden. It was a distinct success, both as regards the principal singers and the general effect, the impressiveness of which was enhanced by the presence of the chorus throughout. Verdi's "Aïda," also given during the first week, has to-day an archaeological as well as a musical interest. It inevitably suggests mental comparisons with the silent glories of

Tutankhamen's Tomb. In particular, the triumphal return of Radames to Thebes, after his victory over the Ethiopians, recalls the battle-scenes on Tutankhamen's chariots and painted caskets. The original scenario of "Aïda" was written by a famous French Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, and was translated into Italian verse by Antonio Ghizlanzoni. The Covent Garden cast included some of the company's strongest singers—Miss Florence Austral as Aïda, Miss Edna Thornton as Amneris, Mr. Robert Radford as High Priest, Mr. Frank Mullings as Radames, Mr. Frederic Collier, the Thanatos (or Death) in "Alkestis," as Pharaoh.

## THE SKI-ING COUNTRY OF THE BRITISH ISLES: "A WINTER SPORT ELDORADO IN SCOTLAND"—THE CAIRNGORMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY

CAPTAIN H. H. M. SPINK, A.M.I.C.E., F.R.MET.SOC.



THE ONLY SKI-ING COUNTRY IN THE BRITISH ISLES, BUT AN EXCELLENT ONE: THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS—WIND-BLOWN SLOPES LOOKING DOWN INTO GLEN DERRY, SHOWING PINE TREES ON THE FURTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY.



'A WORLD OF GLORIOUS SLOPES, OF ROCKS AND ROUGH GOING ABOVE GLEN DERRY—SHOWING THE



CAIRNS, AND OF MIGHTY CORNICE-CAPPED CRAGS": WHITE CONE OF DERRY CAIRN GORM IN THE DISTANCE.



WHERE THE SKI-ER "CAN BE SURE OF FINDING ABOVE 2000 FT. PLENTY OF SNOW IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY IN ALL WEATHER CONDITIONS": A THAW IN GLEN LUI, IN THE CAIRNGORMS MOUNTAINS, WITH CLOUD EFFECTS.



THE SADDLE ON DERRY CAIRN GORM (3500 FT.): A REST ON THE HIGH HILLS.



DISCUSSING the Cairngorms as a ski-ing centre, Captain H. H. M. Spink writes: "At a time when the snowy joys of Les Puy-de-Faix and a host of foreign resorts catch the eye on every hoarding—mark the careless abandon with which the vividly attired ski-maiden of these posters courts a cruel end by impalement on her waving sticks—we are apt to forget that our own island, in spite of its excellent facilities, has the only undefeatable point where skiing can be indulged in as a certainty for two or three months every year. The winter sport 'Eldorado'—the Cairngorm mountains in Scotland—is no new discovery. As long ago as 1905 Mr. E. Wroughton and others of the British Ski Club were writing enthusiastically of their experiences up there. Roughly rectangular in shape, with Aviemore, Braemar, Blair Atholl and Dalwhinnie at the N., E., S. and W. corners, and extending over some 600 square miles, we have here [Continued in Box 2.]



BURIED IN SNOW AND FOG CRYSTALS: THE GREAT CAIRN ON DERRY CAIRN GORM (3500 FT.)



ON THE SLOPES OF BEN MUCH DHU: A SKI-ER—and snow covered with fog crystals.

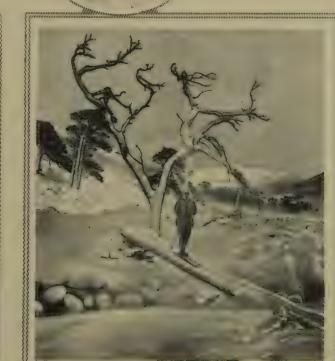


WHERE THE CRY OF THE EAGLE MAY BE HEARD: THE DEVIL'S POINT (3500 FT.) FROM GLEN GEUSACHAN.



WITH A VAST SNOWFIELD IN THE BACKGROUND: A SKI-ER HALTING BESIDE A LANDMARK ON MONAD MOR (3651 FT.)

his craft—a world of glorious slopes, of rocks and cairns feathered with frost crystals a yard long, and of mighty cornice-capped crags towering over lochs buried deep in snow. To be amidst such scenery, whether it be in the blizzard when the gale is whirling a wrack of snow-drifts along the crests, or in brilliant sunshine with the cry of the eagle afoot, the call of ptarmigan and grouse in the corries, is to realize to the full the majesty of these hills, and is an experience our ski-er, if he have a soul, will never forget. With so alluring a prospect within easy reach of most of our big towns, it may well be asked why is it that, whilst foreign fields are so well exploited, the home product is so little patronised? [Continued in Box 4.]

THE ANSWER CAN BE GIVEN IN A FEW WORDS: THERE IS A TOTAL ABSENCE OF SUITABLE ACCOMMODATION ON THE SPOT. THE VISITOR MUST EITHER PUT UP AT AN HOTEL AWAY ON THE FRINGE OF THE GLASS; OR CAMP OUT. NO ONE OF THESE ALTERNATIVES IS ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY. Whilst there are excellent huts and rooms in the area (some of them open in the winter months at considerably reduced rates), there are none *within*, and the daily trudge to and fro will be found to take away much of the enjoyment of an excursion. The hospitality afforded by the gillie in his lodge—and a right warm one it is—cannot, for obvious reasons, be extended to more than one or two at a time, and even then is not [Continued in Box 6.]


UNLIKE THE SILENT ALPS, FULL OF WILD LIFE: THE CAIRNGORMS—ON THE SLOPES OF BEINN BHROTAIN (3797 FT.)

*Continued:*

always available. The objections to camping out are too obvious to be discussed. This lack of suitable accommodation, then, whilst it may add zest to the man who likes his sport thoroughly untamed, will always deter the majority, and not until some enterprising pioneer (must he be a foreigner?) obtains the necessary permission, and builds a few good club huts on suitable sites, will the latent gold-mine these mountains represent be properly tapped. To anti-cipate an obvious objection, it may be pointed out here that, as such huts would be left locked up for nine months of the year, they would in no way

interfere with the breeding or shooting of game. In view of what has been done on the Continent, surely our ski-ers have a right to expect that their needs—they are not extravagant—may be provided for in the one area available in this country. Once remove this reproach, and we shall quickly see the Cairngorms coming into their own as the true nursery of British ski-ing—a hardy training-ground which, it is not too sanguine to hope, will one day produce a breed of ski-ers who will show the world that in this, as in other sports, we can more than hold our own with any competitors from abroad."



SKI-ING ON THE SLOPES OF BEN MUCH DHU: CAPTAIN SPINK ENJOYING WINTER SPORT IN SCOTLAND.

# The Reddening of Russia: "I Accuse! I Accuse!"

"FROM THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE TO THE RED FLAG." By GENERAL P. N. KRASSNOFF.\*

DESPITE acknowledged imperfections of translation and certain "Continental" errors in spelling and typography, "From the Two-Headed Eagle to the Red Flag," as now presented in English, is a remarkable book. Its author, General Peter N. Krassnoff, a Don Cossack, began his career in St. Petersburg as a Lieutenant in the Atamansky Cossack Guards, and became known as a dashing cavalryman, a sportsman, and a writer on military subjects. During the fateful Russo-Japanese War he was at the front as a correspondent. The Great War saw him winning the St. George's Cross at the head of a regiment of Cossack cavalry in Poland; and as commander of a cavalry brigade, of a division, and of the famous 3rd Cavalry Corps. When Bolshevism raised its sinister head, he left the north for the Don region, and, when the Cossacks there turned against the new rule, he was elected Ataman of the Don. He held the post for nine months, and organised a Don army. Then, "under the pressure of influences foreign to the Cossacks," he resigned and retired to Batoum.

It is necessary to know that, for the spirit and beliefs of the man dominate his work: there must be in that finely human character, Sablin—"the sword"—much of the General himself; lover of life, soldier, martyr, and, above all, royalist.

The story begins in 1894, when Socialism, not yet shouting in the Squares, was whispering in the cellars; when its propaganda was working its sinister will even in the ranks of the army, encouraged by the discipline that was too often of the whip and of the drunkard's fist; when democrats and "intelligentsia" were drawing together against the reigning order; when the cry was for universal peace; when, ironically enough, the greatest "sight" was the Emperor of All the Russias reviewing his troops, "covered by the rays of the sun, beautiful, magnificent, and distant": "Old folk said that it was always so—whatever the weather was previously, the sun always accompanied the Emperor. Some saw in it a token of the grace of God, a sign to confirm to the people the fact that the Tsar was appointed not by men, but by God. Others, sceptics and unbelievers, considered it to be the result of excellent work on the part of the Petersburg Observatory, which was always perfectly informed about the coming weather. The youngsters attributed it simply to coincidence."

So to the glitter and gauds of the coronation at Moscow; the curious crowd which desired to be near the Emperor, but dreaded to be so, lest a bomb thrown at Majesty might destroy majority, and the counterfeit crowd which did, in fact, surround him—worried men, women, and children of the secret police; the horror of the Hodinsky Field, where many were crushed in the blind, helpless rush for the Imperial gifts. And on through the years, eventful years of forebodings, fears, and phantasies, "very tragical mirth, merry and tragical," to the rude awakening of the slumbering Russian Army by the Japanese—the "monkeys" of military and moujik contempt—and the great humiliation. Then, shrapnel fired at the Imperial Pavilion across the Neva; the flaunting of red banners; shots in the streets; the forced setting-up of the Douma; rioting and pogroms; "illumination" of the nobles' houses; "bourgeois" and "proletarians" added to the old "estates" of the realm; the abominations of Rasputin—and the beginning of the Great War.

As the Four Horsemen rode, the blood-hued glow

of battle reflected in the sullen skies of the cities and the towns; the cries of the wounded and the dying echoing from field to factory and farm; in the saddened hearts of half-starved men a loathing of "glory" and a craving for the peace of old; fierce talk against the decoration-seeker and the profiteer whom war "pays"; and, finally, mutiny and the revolution.

First, a killing of officers and the wearing of the red, looting and burning, much mouthing and few meals; second, the abdication of the Emperor, a powerless Temporary Government, the Committee of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies installed in the Tauride Palace; third, officers and men with all signs of Imperialism torn from their tunics, the salute and ranks abolished, the double-headed eagle on its pike covered with red, delegates in hordes, discussion of orders at the front, swarms of deserters; "Down with—" everywhere; the navy in revolt; all Comrades—and the Russian Army dead! Fourth, the

to vice and the Satanic side of man: they will, in fact, shock them—possibly into sympathy, more likely into silence. Frankly, it is not for me to quote in these pages the more brutal of his instances, but two significant extracts may be given. The whole, the decision as to what is stark actuality and what tinged by "propaganda," must be left for individual judgment.

"In the third part of the basement, a thin line of emaciated people, wearing nothing but soiled, shabby underclothing, were digging with big spades a narrow deep ditch, watched by Red Army men." The Commissar screamed an order: "At attention! Stop digging." "The people stopped working and stood up against the wall. They were human beings who no longer looked like living people. Thin, haggard, with long, unkempt hair, they were garbed in raggy underclothing. On the right hand stood a young fellow of about twenty years of age. His face was so emaciated that it seemed a skull fixed on to his thin neck. . . . His yellow body showed through the holes of his shirt, his ribs standing out sharply. His thin, white legs had a pitiful aspect, standing on the damp, freshly dug-up soil. . . . Next to him stood an old man with a big stomach. He wore an old but clean shirt, and made of good linen. . . . Further down was an elderly bearded man of sullen appearance in spectacles. He was badly built and thin. Behind him stood a middle-aged man, who carried himself well and gazed at the Tchekists with an unflinching, and sharp look. . . . A woman was standing at the opposite end. . . . She too, as the rest of the prisoners, wore a long peasant's shirt. . . . Her little bare feet, soiled with earth, shrank nervously on the ground. She shivered from cold. Her eyes were lifted heavenward, and she did not notice the approaching group. She was lost in prayer. . . . In the front part of the basement the Red Army men were noisily dividing the victims' clothes." Martyrs for the shooting!

Again: General Sablin was summoned to the Smolny Institute, that he might be tempted, by his hunger, to lend his knowledge to the Red Army. He was taken into a room and left with its dishevelled occupants, twelve men and a woman, "shadows of the dead." A young man spoke: "We were forty-four people here. We came at the time of the great October Revolution, when the proletariat had carried off its victory. We numbered four Generals, a Grand Duke, who occupied the neighbouring room, three Deputies of the Douma, six members of the Constituent Assembly, six cadets, five officers, four students, five women students, and eight people of

various callings. We were accused of holding counter-revolutionary opinions, of sympathising with Kerensky and of assisting his forces. The Generals, the officers, and the cadets were executed, some were removed to the Prison Kresty, others to the Fortress, and we were left here. Professor, name the bourgeois."

The Professor spoke: "General, you behold people with shattered nerves. People who are ill. You have come, so to say, to a ward of madmen. The young man over there, who twitches continually, is Soldatoff, the famous painter of the old school—you have probably heard about him. They offered him to become a futurist and to paint placards in the railway carriages which were to glorify the advantages of the Soviet rule. The lady is the well-known pianist—Podlesskaya. They both lived on what they earned, on what their heads and their hands gave them, and now their fingers are swollen with frost and their heads are benumbed by the cold of the cell. . . . We are all of us decent people. In fact, 'bourgeois'."

The rest is worse, infinitely worse.

E. H. G.



UNROOFING THE GOLDEN SHRINE (SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND) OVER TUTANKHAMEN'S SARCOPHAGUS: THE FIRST SECTION OF ROOF, WITH ITS FITTED "TONGUES," BEING MOVED ALONG TRESTLES INTO THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

The work of taking down the outer shrine in the sepulchral hall presented many difficulties. Here we see the first section—the east—of the roof in course of removal. Special tackle had to be improvised, since the confined space rendered impossible the erection of proper running tackle. The section was first raised by levers and wedges on to timber acting as a sled. After that, scaffolding was erected around and under it. Next rollers were inserted underneath the sled for the purpose of running it along parallel trestles, on which it was eventually lowered into the ante-chamber. The roof is made of thick close timber, and is of great weight. Matters were complicated by the fact that it was found, when raised, to be fitted with tongues (shown in this picture).

*The "Times" World Copyright Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Expedition; lent by Courtesy of the Trustees and the Director of the Egyptian Department.*

arrest of the Emperor and his family, their banishment to exile, and their pathetic end by revolver shots.

The while, orgies and murders, sackings, crucifixion with bayonets, outraging of women, tortures, chaos, the Red Guards, and "along the whole front . . . a ceaseless, terrible night of St. Bartholomew."

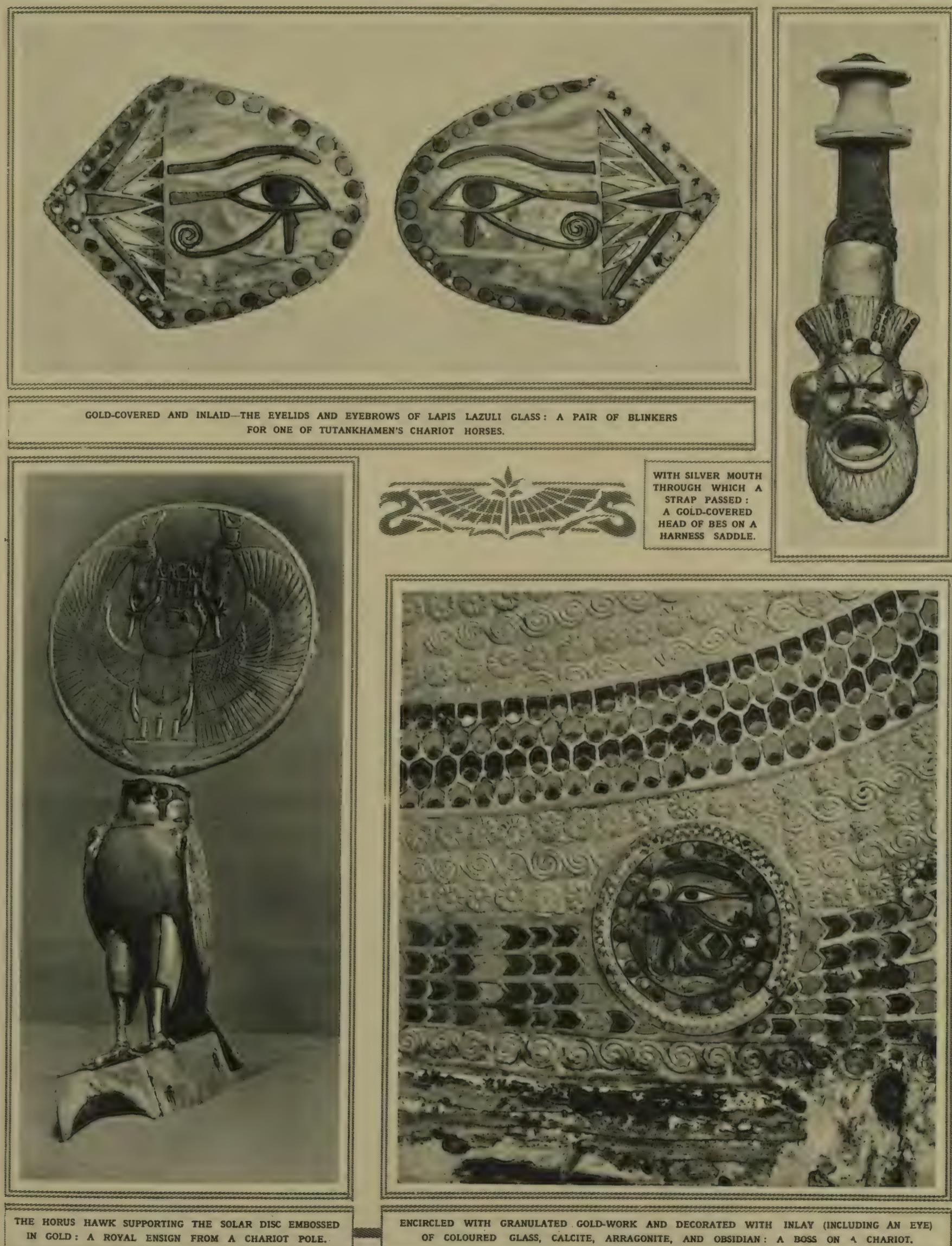
On the other side, the acts of martyrs; the splendid heroism of the Voluntary Army; forlorn, superb self-sacrifice; "Verestchagin" advances and retreats; "Wiertz" scenes of horror; dirty newspapers as bandages; filth and contagion; fights to the last cartridge.

And under the early rule of the Soviet, what? General Krassnoff tells tales of terror that the squeamish will scarcely credit—of persecutions without parallel; of executions fiendishly contrived, of flayings and mutilations conceived by cocaine-soaked brains, of bestialities unchecked, of an officialdom and a soldiery bathed in blood. Sincerely, surely, simply, he cries in every line—"I accuse! I accuse! I accuse!"

His volumes are written neither for babes and sucklings, nor for the "nice people" who close their eyes

## HARNESS OF A PHARAOH'S HORSES: TUTANKHAMEN'S CHARIOT TRAPPINGS.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



The harness and trappings of Tutankhamen's chariot horses equalled in splendour the chariots themselves, as may be seen from these new photographs of objects found in the ante-chamber of the tomb. The blinkers are made of wood covered with thin sheet gold, and inlaid with arragonite and obsidian. The eyelids and eyebrows are of lapis lazuli glass, and the remainder of the decoration is of coloured glass and calcite. The upper right-hand photograph shows one of a pair of harness saddles from the breast harness on one of the royal chariots. They are embellished with heads of the god Bes, of sheet gold, with silver mouths,

through which were passed the straps. On top of each is an arragonite reel to which the yoke was fastened. These reels are jewelled with granulated gold-work. The Horus Hawk, from a chariot pole, is emblematic of "Son of the Sun," the King being regarded as a descendant of that deity. It supports on its head the solar disc bearing the royal insignia embossed in thin gold. The hawk forms an ensign only found on royal chariots. The boss shown in the adjoining illustration is also part of the ornament on one of the King's chariots. It is encircled with granulated gold-work, and inlaid with coloured glass, calcite, arragonite and obsidian.

## THE GODS LET LOOSE.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

*The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ONE of the most remarkable post-war surprises has been the "dry régime" imposed upon the citizens of the United States of America. For the first time in the world's history a democracy has dared to strike out from the list of men's rights the right to drink, and this has been done in the name of public interest, in a State peopled by more than a hundred million human beings, and in the richest country of the world. This same democracy has dared, like the prophet Mahomet, to banish the gay and baleful god whom the Orphic poems call the "frenzied Bacchus," "the sacred Orgiast," the "furious dancer," the "wild," the "ineffable," the "hidden one"; the god who invented liquid fire of divine sweetness and of mortal power for the destruction of mankind.

"What despotism!" a King who reigned by divine right in the seventeenth or eighteenth century might exclaim if he came back to earth. The contradiction is a strange one. For more than a century a part of the world has struggled to attain liberty as the supreme good. In order to attain that good the people of Europe did not hesitate at the end of the eighteenth century to destroy the foundations of social order which had been built up in the course of centuries throughout the world. New philosophies were created, wars were waged, and sanguinary revolutions took place. Once again, ten years ago, the cry rang through an upheaved world, "To arms in liberty's cause!" And now suddenly, in the most powerful and daring democratic country in the world, the State has decreed "Thou shalt not drink," as if it had suddenly become a crime to love even in a discreet and reasonable manner the god whom the ancients had hymned as "venerable for all mortals who inhabit the earth." In an epoch in which it is possible to discuss, deny, and set aside all authorities human and divine, because democracy is in itself the supreme authority, the sovereign people has no longer the right to drink an innocent glass of wine or beer. If a man should wish to worship a little at the shrine of the "frenzied Bacchus," he must once more descend into the catacombs, making use of the wiles of a conspirator!

In Europe we have become accustomed to smile at this experiment. We see in it merely the extravagant caprice of a democracy which is still dominated by the Puritan tradition, and which is not afraid of perpetrating somewhat brusque acts of power. But this pretended caprice is perhaps more serious than it appears, for the act of power by which it manifests itself is born of a great weakness, perhaps the greatest weakness of our civilisation.

Drunkenness regarded as a social danger is yet another novelty of the nineteenth century. Before the French Revolution it was only an individual vice and not a frequent one, excepting in certain *milieus* and on certain occasions. Why has this liquid fire, which was formerly inoffensive, made such ravages during the nineteenth century? Urbanism, the great industrial development, the weakening of beliefs which formerly restrained men's passions, are in turn accused of bringing about this result. . . . But all these causes could only have engendered a psychological possibility of vice, had it not been for the excessive production of intoxicating

drinks which began about the middle of the nineteenth century. Our ancestors were not more sober because they were more virtuous, but because they were poorer. They could not drink the intoxicating drinks which did not exist; and, as their production was limited, the population was naturally rationed by the scarcity of the article desired.

We are so accustomed to abundance that the poverty of our ancestors remains almost incomprehensible to us. We should have difficulty in imagining a civilisation which only knew wine, and that as a luxurious drink; which lived without alcohol, tobacco, coffee, and tea. Such, however, was ancient Rome. Even in the last century of the Republic, the great families only drank wine at solemn banquets. Horace was able to sing the virtues of wine in so many pretty poems because in his day the

drinking of it was still a rare pleasure and luxury. It was under the Empire that the cultivation of vineyards was extended, production was augmented, commerce was organised, and wine became an article of common consumption.

Alcohol is an invention of the Middle Ages. It was first employed as a medicine, and later, in the sixteenth century, as a drink in the form of liqueurs. After the discovery of America and the voyages to the Far East, exciting drinks and substances such as coffee, tobacco, and tea were added to intoxicating drinks. But while it is true that the sources of human happiness were enriched by new pleasures, the masses, at least until the middle of the eighteenth century, did not abuse the use of them. Production was limited, and means of transport was difficult. The liquid-fire orgy began towards the middle of the nineteenth century, at the time of the development of railways, navigation by steam, the great development of industry, and the opening up of America. Once more the initiative was taken—not by the mass of

was it possible for it to hate and flee from the torrential rain which began to fall, as if it were something diabolical?

Then began the race between production and consumption. The more thirsty humanity became the more industry and agriculture poured into her glass. The more drink industry and agriculture poured out for her, the more thirsty humanity became. Abundance and cheapness excited new desires; new desires encouraged the increase of production. But Dionysos is a "frenzied god," as the Orphic poems tell us; he makes mad the fools of whom he takes possession. It was quickly perceived that while, when he was enshamed by poverty, wisdom, and fear, he could give humanity divine and innocent joys, he made fearful ravages when he was let loose. Men wished to chain him up again, but all the chains, laws, sermons, propaganda which they employed proved to be only fragile threads. The frenzied god broke them.

There would only have been one efficient and rational means of combating alcoholism—limiting production. It is evident that so long as the liquid fire flows in torrents humanity will be devoured by an unquenchable thirst. The temptation of alcohol will always be stronger than the feeble virtue of men. If the gifts of Bacchus are only beneficial on condition that they remain rare, if their rarity alone will guarantee to humanity a moderate enjoyment free from disastrous consequences, then humanity should provide against their pernicious abundance. Poverty alone protected our ancestors against its fatal seduction. We ought in our turn to have defended ourselves by an act of conscious will because our riches left us an easy prey. But how can we impose a restraining hand on the flowing tide of productive forces in modern society? Production in our time is a machine so constituted that it must either increase its pace or stop.

The "dry system" of the United States of America is born of this impossibility. Having tried unavailingly to slacken the machine which produces the liquid fire, and not wishing it constantly to increase its force, America broke it. She forbade entirely a pleasure which only becomes dangerous when used to excess, because she was powerless to limit it. The "dry system" is nothing else than the suppression of a pleasure substituted for the limitation of it, which would have been the reasonable and human solution, but which was impossible or too difficult.

We must not imagine that this is an isolated case. We here come face to face with the great weakness of modern civilisation. Modern civilisation is powerful, rich, and active. It even hides within itself treasures of will power, of devotion, and of heroism. It is reproached with being materialistic; it might boast that it sacrifices itself for a confused but disinterested ideal of progress. It is learned, but never knows where to stop. The problems which found their rational solutions in limitation, and which were easy for the ancient civilisations, are insoluble or nearly so in the present day.

*Mnēv̄ áyar*—nothing too much—said the Greeks. In those two words were contained, for the men of ancient days, one of the capital rules of life. They have no longer any meaning for modern civilisation, which, though it has created so many sciences, has forgotten the science of "too much." It never succeeds in realising the moment when excess, and with excess, danger, begins. Once it has embarked upon a certain course, it goes on and on without stopping until its strength is exhausted, if its momentum has not been arrested by a catastrophe on the way. There are no longer terminal points in the modern world, but only wayside stations on a

journey which goes on continuously, for it never reaches its goal.

The frenzy of unlimitedness, that last result of the evolutions and revolutions of three centuries, is the great originality of our epoch. It explains its marvellous flights, but also the appalling sores which eat into it and the catastrophe by which it is menaced. For this impossibility of limiting itself is found not only in the kingdom of Dionysos the frenzied, but everywhere—in the kingdom, for example, of a much more terrible god, that of Mars. In old days armies were small and grew slowly. The men, engines, and money which were at their disposal in peace and in war were limited. During the nineteenth century, especially after 1848, conscription, the increase of population and riches, the progress of metallurgy and scientific inventions, permitted Europe to develop its

*(Continued on page 114.)*



PRESIDENT KEMAL'S WIFE, WHO SAVED HIM FROM A BOMB WHICH WOUNDED HER: LATIFEH HANOUN (STANDING); WITH CALIBEH HANOUN, WIFE OF FETHI BEY, PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH ASSEMBLY.

An attempt to assassinate Mustapha Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic, was reported on January 7. He had recently left Angora for a holiday in Smyrna, for the benefit of his health, entrusting his official duties to Fethi Bey, President of the National Assembly. A man, it is said, called at his house in Smyrna, saying he had an urgent letter for the President; but Mme. Kemal became suspicious and asked him to wait. When she opened her husband's door and he came out, the man threw a bomb, which exploded, missing the President but wounding his wife. She is the daughter of a Smyrna merchant, Moharem Ushaki Bey, who was imprisoned by the Greeks until the Turks captured the city. Mustapha Kemal married her last March, when she was 19. She was educated in France and at Tudor Hall School, Chislehurst, and speaks French and English. Like most modern Turkish women, she has discarded the yashmak.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

consumers—but by the small oligarchies of producers—by agriculture and industry.

Carried away by the economic rush which began after 1830, Europe and America planted vineyards everywhere where the tree of Dionysos would grow; the processes of extracting alcohol were multiplied and perfected; the mass production and manufacture of beer and liqueurs was organised, and what may be called the deluge of liquid fire on earth began. Bacchus lay in wait for the passer-by, with his malicious invitation, at every street corner. It was, of course, necessary that poor humanity should be made to swallow all the intoxicating beverages once they had been made. And, indeed, poor humanity made no serious resistance to the temptation. It had raised to the rank of a divinity the few drops of liquid fire with which it had been obliged to content itself for so many centuries;

## AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEURISSE, TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, L.N.A. AND C.N.



FRENCH JOCKEYS EXCHANGE HORSES FOR BOATS AT MAISONS LAFFITTE: THE FINISH OF A UNIQUE EVENT ON THE FLOODED RACE-COURSE.



ALMOST UNPRECEDENTED FROST IN VENICE, WHERE SKATING HAS TAKEN PLACE ON THE CANALS: SNOW-CLAD GONDolas MOORED TO A BANK.



THE LARGEST FOREIGN WAR-SHIP THAT HAS EVER VISITED ENGLAND: THE 32,600-TON U.S. BATTLE-SHIP "COLORADO," WITH 16-INCH GUNS, ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.



WHERE THREE MEN AND TWO WOMEN WERE KILLED, AND MANY INJURED: THE COLLAPSE OF THE ZETLAND WOOL-SPINNING MILLS. AT BRADFORD.



THE LEADER OF THE GREEK REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT DELIVERS A FAREWELL ADDRESS: COLONEL PLASTIRAS SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE ASSEMBLY AT ATHENS.



THE FUNERAL OF DEAN WACE AT CANTERBURY: THE ARCHBISHOP (LEFT), WHO COMPARED HIM TO LUTHER, AT THE GRAVESIDE IN THE CLOISTER GARTH.

During the Paris floods, which have since subsided, the race-course at Maisons Laffitte became a lake, and jockeys amused themselves by holding a boat-race. It was stated that 15,000 people suffered serious loss from the floods, and 5000 had to leave their homes.—Venice has also experienced severe weather, almost unprecedented there. The Lagoon and most of the interior canals were frozen solid, and gondolas gave place to skates as a means of locomotion.—The U.S.S. "Colorado" arrived at Portsmouth on January 7, being the first post-war battleship of any Navy to visit this country. Her armament includes eight 16-inch guns, and striking features are her lattice masts and overhanging clipper bow.

Her commander expressed condolence on the loss of "L24." She will return to New York via Cherbourg, Villefranche, Naples, and Gibraltar.—At Bradford, on January 10, the top floor of the Zetland Mills of Messrs. G. H. Leather, Ltd., suddenly collapsed, and heavy wool-spinning machinery crashed through two other floors below. Three men and two women were killed, and many others injured.—Colonel Plastiras, head of the Greek Revolutionary Government, which recently resigned, has retired. At the opening of the National Assembly in Athens he reviewed the work of the Revolution.—The funeral of the late Dean Wace, of Canterbury, took place at the Cathedral on January 12. The Archbishop preached.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE COLORATION OF THE BUTTERFLY'S WING.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WE are often told that the ruthless hand of Science has destroyed not a little of the beauty and poetry of life, and that it is dispelling all its mystery! It may be true that many pretty fancies, that were realities to our forefathers, have been dispelled; but it is also true that Science has swept away much that was crude and cruel, and inimical to our well-being. It is true that the old magicians have gone, but their successors wield divining rods vastly more potent!

Among the wonders which these new magicians have set before us, we must reckon such as can be seen only under the microscope. The invention of this instrument has revealed a hitherto invisible and unsuspected world. It has enabled us, so to speak, to see the ills that flesh is heir to; and it has displayed to our wondering eyes hitherto unknown organisms of exquisite beauty. Unlike the workmanship of men's hands, the more highly these are magnified, the more exactly they are examined, the more perfect they appear. Nor is this all. It shows us that even palpable objects, such as fur and feathers, are by no means what they seem, either in the matter of structure or coloration. The exquisite mosaic of a butterfly's wing gathers added glories when seen through the searching eye of the microscope.

The delicious combinations of colour which mark the wings of the Red-Admiral, the Tortoiseshell,

loosely are they attached to the wing-membrane, however, that they are all shaken off after the first flight! Not without reason has this been called the "Bee" Hawk-moth; for, partly on account of the shape and transparency of the wings, and partly

are now so much used as "jewellery." The whole of the upper surface is of a vivid, shimmering, metallic blue. But take a specimen in the hand and tilt it at different angles. With every change of the hand the colour changes; sometimes vanishing completely. In the adjoining illustration (Fig. 1), a specimen has been photographed so that one wing is seen by transmitted, the other by reflected, light. The latter, unfortunately deprived of its colour, is seen as though it were for the most part white, while the left fore and hind wings, seen by transmitted light, show only the pattern of the under surface, which shines through the delicate membrane. This pattern is due to the pigmentation of the scales. The exquisite play of colour, due to reflected light, is caused by the incidence of light upon delicately sculptured scales, which select for reflection light-rays having particular wave-lengths.

That superbly beautiful butterfly, *Papilio sarpedon* (Fig. 2)—a near relation of our "Swallow-tail"—is of velvety black, relieved by two oblique, semi-transparent bars of bluish-green. The coloration is due to pigment. In the black area, this is contained within the scales, while the green bands and spots are coloured by green pigment within the wing membrane, the scales being reduced to the condition of minute hairs. These bars, on the under-side of the wing, are fully clothed with scales; but, though unpigmented, they produce an iridescent green colour, due to structural peculiarities.

The magnificent "bird-winged butterflies," referred to in glowing terms by Russel Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago," afford interesting material in this matter of coloration. In *Troides priamus*, one of the largest butterflies known, measuring from eight to ten inches across the wings, we have an exquisite blending of velvety black and bluish green; the green areas showing, in the annexed photograph

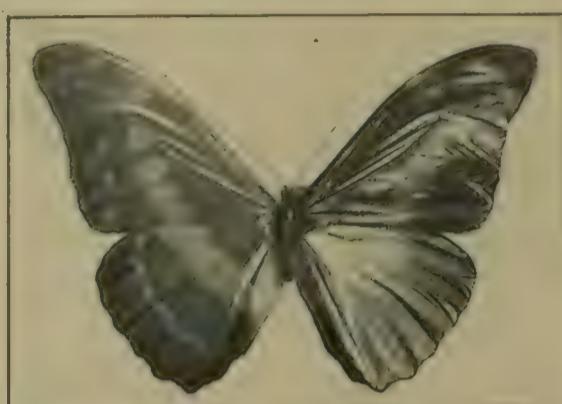


FIG. 1.—A CORGEOUS BUTTERFLY NOW USED FOR "JEWELLERY": *MORPHO CYPRIS*—THE LEFT WINGS (SEEN BY TRANSMITTED LIGHT), WITH THE UNDER-SIDE PATTERN SHOWING THROUGH; THE RIGHT WINGS SEEN BY REFLECTED LIGHT.

The right fore and hind wings are shown as seen by reflected light; but the gorgeous, shimmering, blue-and-green iridescence is, of course, lost in our ordinary photograph. The left wings are seen as by transmitted light, the pattern of the under side showing through.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

on account of the peculiar shape and coloration of the body, it bears a really striking likeness to a humble-bee. This distinction it shares with its near relation, the Narrow-Bordered Bee Hawk-moth.

The riot of colour and the infinite variety presented by the patterns which confront one when examining a collection of butterflies or moths, cannot fail to impress even the most casual with a feeling of wonder. And the marvel of it all is increased when the upper and under surfaces of the wings are compared, for they are usually totally different. The upper surface of the outspread wings is always far more brilliantly coloured than the under surface, where vivid coloration obtains; yet it cannot be said to be invariably the rule that this upper surface is the more beautiful. Take the case of that singularly beautiful species, the Red-Admiral. The velvety black of the upper surface, with its strongly contrasted bars and spots of vermillion and white, can hardly be said to be more beautiful than the exquisite mottling of the under surface, which confers on the insect, when at rest, a mantle of invisibility. But, from whatever angle these two surfaces may be viewed, the effect of the coloration is the same; and this because it is due to pigments contained within the wing-membranes or the scales.

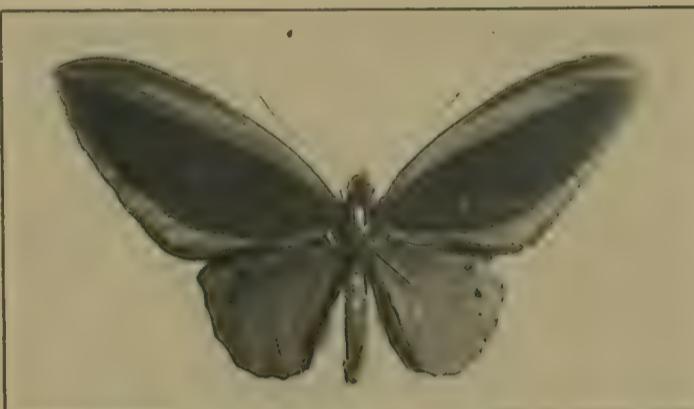


FIG. 2.—A NEAR RELATIVE OF THE SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY: *PAPILIO SARPEDON*.

The wings of *Papilio sarpedon* have oblique bands of bluish-green, on a velvet-black background. The scales of the upper surface of the wing are reduced to mere hairs.

or the Painted Lady, look, as we see these insects sipping nectar by the wayside, as though they had been set out in water-colours. Grip such a wing between the finger and thumb, and lo! the daintily wrought pattern has vanished! But upon the fingers will be found a little coloured dust. Transfer this to a glass slide and place it under a microscope. The coloured dust resolves itself into innumerable flattened scales, infinitely varied in shape, exquisitely sculptured, and each provided with a short stalk. But, if seen by transmitted light, their gay colours seem to have vanished. Every one of these minute bodies is composed of a double membrane, often enclosing between them variously coloured pigments, of which more presently.

These scales are attached by their stalks to the delicate, transparent wing-membrane in rows, and in such a way as to overlap one another like the tiles on a roof. And this wing-membrane, again, is also double, the two sheets being held together by short "fibres." The characteristic "veins," or "nerves," ramifying over the surfaces of such wing-membranes, serve to stiffen them; but they have nothing to do, as their names seem to imply, either with the circulation of the blood or the nervous system.

Only very rarely is the surface of the wing-membrane exposed in the living butterfly or moth, but in some species the scales fall off in patches, leaving transparent, symmetrically disposed "windows" in the coloured surface of the wing. In one or two species of our native moths—the Broad-Bordered Bee Hawk-moth, for example—the wings are entirely transparent. But when they first emerge from the chrysalis, it is to be noted these wings are completely covered with greenish-grey scales, as in normal wings. So



FIG. 3.—ONE OF THE LARGEST-KNOWN SPECIES, THE SUPERBLY COLOURED "BIRD-WINGED" BUTTERFLIES OF MALAYA: *TROIDES PRIAMUS*.

The wings of *Troides priamus* (8 to 10 in. across) are velvety black and green. The black is a pigment colour. The green is formed in part by yellow pigment, and in part by blue caused by reflected light.

(Fig. 3), as pale bands against the black background. The green here is due to the combination of yellow pigment and blue produced by the structure of the surface of the scales. *Troides helena* is another giant, velvety black and translucent gold (Fig. 4).

The constitution of the pigments to which the coloration of butterflies and moths is due has formed the subject of laborious research for many years past. An able summary of this work has been contributed to the *Entomologist* for January, by Dr. H. A. Bayliss, of the British Museum of Natural History; and to this he has added the results of his own researches.

The presence of pigment in the scales, he points out, as distinct from "interlaminar pigment"—that is to say, of pigment enclosed between the upper and under layers of the wing-membranes—is the general rule. In many cases it is the sole cause of the colours seen. This is certainly true of the duller colours, such as dull yellows, greys, and browns, and black; as well as of many brighter reds, yellows, and some greens. "But," he continues, "it is extremely doubtful whether any case exists of a blue colour due to pigment; and the greens due to it can, as a rule, be readily distinguished from those due to structure by their dull appearance and lack of metallic lustre."

This brief excursion into the chemistry of the pigments of the butterfly's wing shows that the Science of Entomology is not, as some suppose, confined to impaling insects on a pin and displaying them in a cabinet as objects pleasing to the eye.

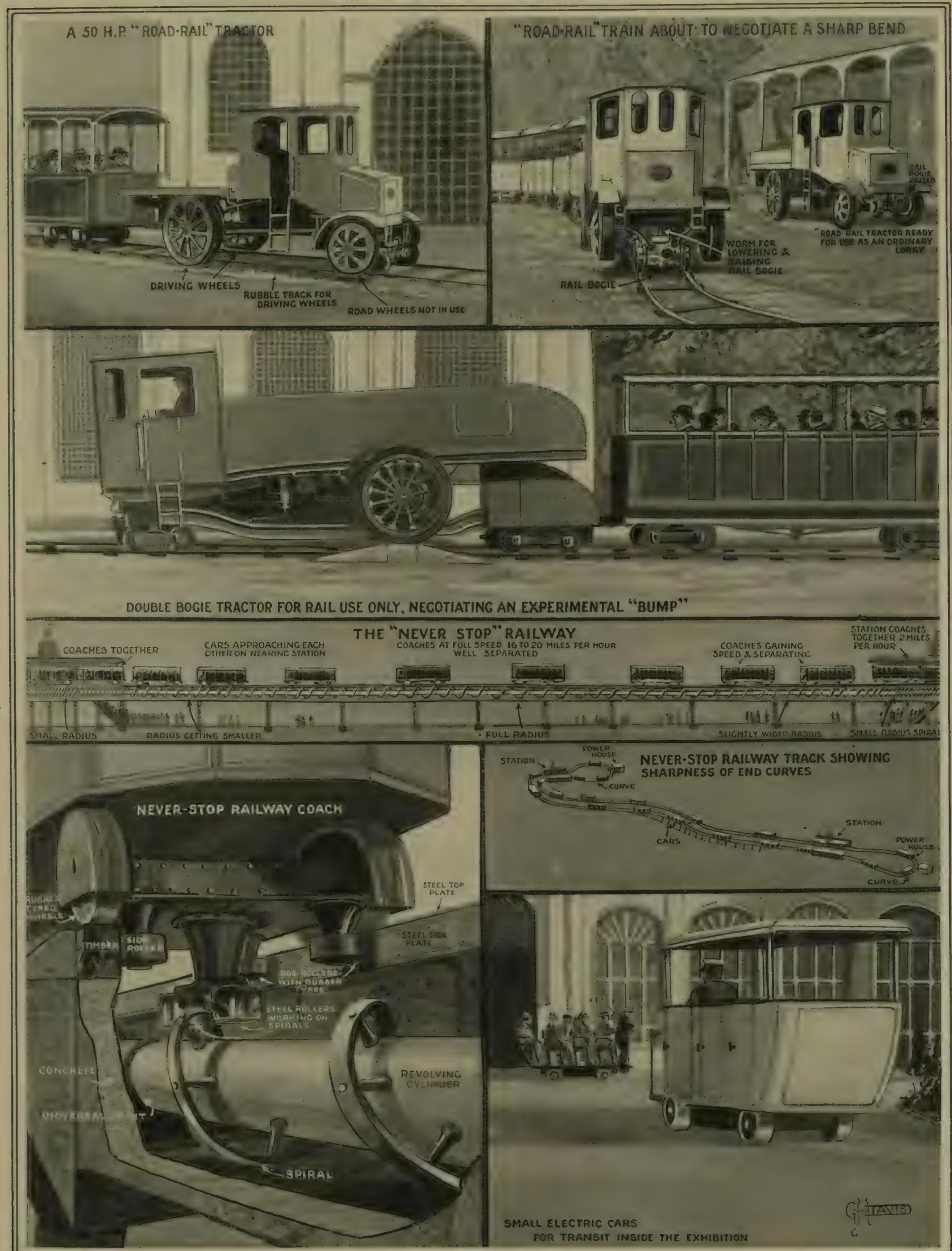
FIG. 4.—ANOTHER GIANT BUTTERFLY, OF BLACK AND GOLD: *TROIDES HELENA*, NEARLY RELATED TO *TROIDES PRIAMUS*.

In *Troides helena*, the wings are velvety black relieved by areas of a translucent gold.

Very different, however, is the case of species which display iridescent colours. Take the case of that gorgeous butterfly, *Morpho cypris*, whose wings

## AT WEMBLEY: "ROAD-RAIL" TRACTORS; A "NEVER-STOP" RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHT.)



## ROAD-TRACTORS FOR RAILED TRAINS; A "NEVER-STOP" RAILWAY WORKED BY ELASTIC SCREW; AND ELECTRIC "RUN-ABOUT" TAXIS: NEW TRANSPORT DEVICES FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.

The principle of the "Road-rail" System is the use of wheels working on the solid ground to draw trucks upon rails. The tractive resistance of vehicles running on rails is much less than those running on a road. On the other hand, rubber-tyred wheels on the road have a far greater tractive power than locomotives on lines. The tractor used is a powerful 50-h.p. lorry driven either by steam or petrol. Between the front road-wheels is a bogie with flanged wheels for running on a narrow-gauge track, and when the vehicle is to be used on the rails, by turning a worm the rail bogie can be lowered, lifting the road-wheels clear of the ground. A larger and more powerful tractor is also to be used, entirely built for railway use, and so constructed that, no matter

how rough the side-track may be, the two bogies keep the rails. One picture shows one passing over an experimental obstacle. The "Never Stop" railway system will be used for joy rides at Wembley. Under the track is a cylinder revolving at 264 revolutions per minute. To this cylinder is fixed a spiral, electrically driven, so that the spirals are close together at the stations, widening out between stations, and then narrowing down again. With the spirals close together, the coaches, which have rollers working on the spiral fixed to their bogies, go slowly through stations (at about 2 m.p.h.), but move faster as the thread of this gigantic Archimedean screw becomes coarser. Inside the Exhibition grounds will be little electric cars for hire as miniature taxis.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN MICROCOSM: THE LARGEST EXHIBITION EVER PLANNED, AS IT WILL APPEAR.

AS VISUALISED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HENRY C. BREWER, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HENRY C. BREWER, R.I.

## REPRODUCING FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF MANY LANDS:

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, now approaching completion, is to be a comprehensive survey of the wealth and resources of the British Commonwealth of Nations: it is to reproduce the whole of the Empire in miniature. Never before has an exhibition on such vast lines been planned: it will be the largest thing of its kind the world has ever seen. The grounds cover an area of some 240 acres, and over £10,000,000 will have been spent on preparations before the Exhibition actually opens next April. The buildings are almost entirely of concrete. Building was begun in the spring of 1922, and the Stadium, the largest sports arena in the world, was opened last April. The architecture generally is a utilitarian adaptation of the best in the styles of many periods. If the style is to have a name it must be Georgian, for it is essentially the product of our own day. Those vast buildings, the Palace of Engineering and the Palace of Industry, have a massive, simple dignity and comprehensive sweep of line. The Palace of Engineering alone covers an area of more than eleven acres, and is probably the largest concrete building in the world. Five lines of railway run through it from end to end in order to facilitate the assembling of exhibits. The Dominions and Colonies are employing styles characteristic of their history and traditions. India's pavilion will reproduce the artistic beauties of the Taj Mahal at Agra and the Jami Masjid

## KEY TO BUILDINGS.

1. ENTRANCE FROM WEMBLEY PARK.
2. CLUB HOUSE.
3. PALACE OF INDUSTRY.
4. PALACE OF ENGINEERING.
5. CONFERENCE HALL.
6. TRADE ART.
7. PALACE OF RELIGIOUS ART.
8. NEW ZEALAND.
9. MALAY STATES.
10. MEXICO.
11. CANADA.
12. CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS.
13. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.
14. INDIA.



## KEY TO BUILDINGS.

15. BURMAH.
16. GOLD COAST, NIGERIA, AND SIERRA LEONE.
17. PALESTINE AND CYPRUS.
18. BERMUDA.
19. EAST AFRICA.
20. MALTA.
21. GIBRALTAR.
22. HONG-KONG.
23. WEST INDIES AND BRITISH GUIANA.
24. BRITISH GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.
25. NEWFOUNDLAND.
26. FIJI.
27. EXHIBITION STATION.
28. SOUTH AFRICA.
29. STADIUM.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.

at Delhi. Canada's pavilion, which is flanked on each side by smaller pavilions devoted to the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway, is built in Negrean style. South Africa's pavilion is built in the late seventeenth-century Dutch style: its main entrances will have characteristic South African Dutch gables, with steep and loggia. Australia's pavilion covers an area of three and a half acres. New Zealand has an imposing facade in a simple type of English classic Renaissance, and near it will be erected a beautifully carved Maori house. Malaya has a building designed after the native manner. Bermuda will house its exhibits in a building reproducing the house inhabited by the poet Thomas Moore, in that delightful country. In the West African group will be a reproduction of Kano City, a complete mud-built, fortified town, surrounded by mud walls, and within them will be the great Nigerian building. There will also be native cottages of Sierra Leone, thatched with native reeds. The Gold Coast building will be an important exhibit, and near it will be native shops, with natives carving and weaving, and a native village. East Africa will have a typical Eastern building, and Ceylon a representative home with two temple towers united by a verandah. The British Guiana section of the West Indian display includes a reproduction to scale of the great Kaiten Fall. Newfoundland will have a small building of Renaissance type.

## HORTICULTURE ON IMPERIAL LINES: WEMBLEY EXHIBITION GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MISS W. HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.



PLANTED WITH CARNATIONS, SAXIFRAGES AND POTENTILLAS: THE ROCK-GARDENS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION GROUNDS AT WEMBLEY—SHOWING THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY.



CONSTRUCTED OF DERBY STONE, OF WHICH NEARLY 800 TONS HAVE BEEN USED: THE ROCK-GARDENS SOUTH-WEST OF THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE IN THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



SHOWING HOW THE ROOTS WERE PACKED: A RHODODENDRON FOR THE MAIN ENTRANCE AVENUE, WITH WIRE STAYS TO PREVENT ITS BLOWING OVER.



PLANTING THE TWO AVENUES OF RHODODENDRONS NEAR THE MAIN ENTRANCE: PART OF A GREAT QUANTITY OF EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.



OAK AND LIMES PLANTED IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING: A VIEW FROM A BRIDGE (ACROSS THE LAKE) IN THE MAIN AVENUE.



WITH A BIRD'S NEST IN AN ELM (ON THE LEFT) LENDING A RURAL TOUCH TO THE SCENE: TREES GUARDING THE APPROACHES TO THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS OF AUSTRALIA AND CANADA.



WHERE 160 OUT OF 2500 WORKMEN ARE ENGAGED IN LAYING OUT THE GARDENS ALONE: THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION PREPARING LAWNS AND BEDS NEAR THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

The grounds of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, which, apart from the buildings, cover more than 216 acres, are being laid out on a lavish scale, with all the skill known to modern landscape gardening. The scheme includes an ornamental lake, which runs through the centre of the grounds, and will provide excellent boating facilities. Of the 2500 men at present employed on the site of the Exhibition, 160 are engaged on the gardens alone, and the results of their work will provide much interest for horticulturists. "At the opening," writes Miss W. Hammond, F.R.H.S., who has supplied the above photographs, "there will be a display of 100,000 British-grown Darwin tulips, and an idea of the huge

quantity of herbaceous plants required is gained by the fact that 5000 delphiniums alone will be used. As the contractor himself said: 'No industry, as a whole, has been treated more generously by the authorities than horticulture.' Next summer the rock-garden will be a wonderful sight. Allwood carnations are already there in huge masses. Saxifrages and potentillas form other beautiful groups. Many large evergreen shrubs, especially rhododendrons and azaleas, are being planted. In spite of the constant noise of hammering, the twittering of birds continues to give a decided country feature to the scene." A general view of the Exhibition buildings appears on the double-page in this number.

## MOTORS OUSTING CAMELS IN THE SAHARA: A NEW DESERT CAR.

CENTRAL PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. RENAULT.



THE NEW "SHIP OF THE DESERT": A CAR TAKING A DIFFICULT RISE IN THE DUNES—SHOWING MME. DAL PIAZ (RIGHT), WIFE OF THE C.G.T. PRESIDENT, AND HER DAUGHTER (LEFT).

THE OLD "SHIP OF THE DESERT": A CARAVAN OF CAMELS, A TYPE OF TRANSPORT WHICH APPEARS DESTINED TO BE SUPERSEDED BY THE MOTOR-CAR IN THE SAHARA.



WITH SIX PAIRS OF WHEELS, "INDEPENDENT AS THE FOUR LEGS OF AN ANIMAL," AND BETTER ADAPTED TO LOOSE SAND THAN THE "CATERPILLAR" TYPE: A NEW RENAULT DESERT CAR—SHOWING (IN FRONT) THE SELF-OPERATED WINDING DRUM, WITH WIRE CABLE FOR HAULING THE CAR OUT WHEN STUCK.



THE GOAL OF A TEN DAYS' CAMEL JOURNEY ACCOMPLISHED BY MOTOR-CAR IN TWO DAYS: TOZEUR, IN TUNISIA—THE MARKET-PLACE.



THE "HALF-WAY HOUSE" BETWEEN TUGGURT (70 MILES DISTANT) AND TOZEUR (94 MILES): EL WAD, WHERE THE EXPEDITION SPENT A DAY AT THE C.G.T. CAMP.

The French Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, which has for some time run caravans of camels, horses, and mules through the desert between the oases of Tuggurt and Tozeur, a journey which took from ten to twelve days by such transport, recently organised a motor-car expedition over the same route, which accomplished it in two days. They used a new type of car designed by Messrs. Renault, fitted with six pairs of wheels, not connected by a continuous tread. Each pair of wheels is described as being "independent as the four legs of an animal." The new car has proved to be much better adapted to loose sand than those of the "caterpillar" type. It carries in front a wire cable (on a self-operated

drum) which can be attached to some fixed object, so that the car can thereby haul itself out of a difficult position. The expedition was arranged and led by M. Dal Piaz, Chairman of the C.G.T., and, in order to show the suitability of the trip for women travellers, he took with him his wife and daughter, who are seen in one of our photographs. The distance from Tuggurt to El Wad, the midway halt, is nearly 70 miles, and from El Wad to Tozeur, 94 miles. The actual motoring time was 11 hours on one day and 10 hours on another, but this time, it is pointed out, included some 2 hours on each day that were occupied by special native demonstrations of welcome.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

READERS of novels published during the last few years cannot have failed to notice the recurrence of a feminine type that follows lines so uniform, in spite of individual variations, as to provoke the question whether there may not be a single original for all. Into the identity of that original it would be unwise and possibly even futile to inquire. Very likely there is no actual prototype: the conception should be regarded rather as a general expression for what we are pleased to call "modernity," and that in its most vivid and extravagant phase. Be that as it may, this ubiquitous woman, actual or imagined, has proved extraordinarily attractive to at least half-a-dozen novelists of greater or less eminence, but all good. Notable examples of this heroine have occurred in the works of Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Stephen McKenna, Miss Muriel Hine, Miss Netta Syrett, and the late Mr. Wilfrid Ewart.

This insistent woman made one of her earliest appearances in "The Pretty Lady," but not in the title rôle. For this dazzling being, for all her daring, is anything but an outcast of society. Her past is rather that of society's spoiled darling, its *arbitrix elegantiarum*, and, save that she preserves, usually, a technical virtue, very much a female Petronius. Lightly girt, she dashes about Mayfair, to which she gives the law, while recognising few or no laws or conventions herself. She leads every craze, so long as it suits her whim, and her superb selfishness cannot alienate troops of friends. Seldom vicious, she favours the decadent and the *outré* in art and letters; her rooms are the reflection of her passing fad—Bakst or what not—she seeks to make her life a poem and a picture, of sorts. But withal she achieves, except in the actual wearing of dress, a supreme untidiness. Her terrible haste—she calls it "rush"—entails upon her a magnificent litter of possessions. Her toys are endless and never played with very long. She is Athenian in her craving for some new thing.

In her activities, she is dependent upon a body of anonymous assistants, who do the work while she takes the credit, without a single misgiving as to the ethics of the case. In one novel, where the type is rather older and less aristocratic than the other examples we have in mind, the lady triumphs in persuasive tyranny over her "ghosts" and subordinates, who are so enslaved by her charm that they scarcely realise its burden. The novelist contrives to make this almost incredible situation plausible, and may have worked from actuality. Cases less acute certainly occur in real life, and the little extra strain need not discount the verisimilitude of this particular story.

But that character is altogether more staid and less romantic than the swift young heroine who dances like a Mænad, and not infrequently in Mænad's dress, through present-day fiction. She is the adventuress, *par excellence*, in sensations, the daring experimenter in passions, but, for the most part, economical of the last surrender to love. To men she is a wasting despair, a devastating siren, but lovers are of no use to her except as ministers to her craze for notoriety. In the last analysis, she is vulgar, but the trick of a pleasant manner just saves her from being repellent.

The age is tolerant of a blunt and overbearing speech, if it be tempered with what passes for wit or smartness, and so this freak of ultra-civilisation, reverting to the barbaric carries off her vagaries without serious protest. But she has no lasting quality, and will be remembered only as a post-war curiosity. True, she made some fitful appearances before 1914, but the mad four years accentuated and developed her idiosyncrasy, and in the aftermath it has amused several romancers to describe her. She fits the time, even to an occasional suspicion that she is the victim of drugs; but even without that she is doomed. At the best she is but a transient and pinchbeck adventuress. She has none of the universality and humanity that, even in perversion, give permanence and persuasion to *Becky Sharp*.

Justly enough, the reader's first demand upon the novelist is for persuasion. The writer of fiction comes offering a story which is labelled untrue, but he must so work upon his reader that it shall seem true, the more poignantly true the better. "And with a tale, forsooth," says Sir Philip Sidney, "he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner, and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue." On this intention one school of criticism has poured contempt, and for a time "purpose" was anathema, unless it were an implicit converse of Sidney's, not to be acknowledged, and to be scornfully denied, if any Philistine moralist dared to detect and expose it. But a law, higher than the jarrings of sects, commands that the tale that

does not in some way "intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue" has in it no seed of immortality.

And yet, Fact is the sworn enemy of this Divine Persuasion, which in a tale "holdeth children from their play" and touches the soul to the finest issues. The present question, however, has less to do with the ethical effect than with the consideration of reality in fiction. Of this only the reader can be the judge. The writer himself sees so much more than he sets down that what to him is vivid and complete may be vague to his audience. He cannot work without models, any more than the artist; but to the novelist his model is likely to be the greatest hindrance if he follows it too faithfully. If writers of fiction could be put to the Question by a Literary Inquisition, they would confess that in most cases where the critics had accused them of unreality, they had worked most faithfully from the life. Fiction must not be stranger than truth; fact introduced into fiction always seems untrue.

The novelist who brings into his work what is called (for want of a better term) a "transcript from life," imperils his power to persuade. He cannot know his model through and through; for no human being ever surrenders all his psychology to another; hence incompleteness, contradiction, and blurred outlines. The only proper use of the model is as a starting-point. A living person may give a cue, but the writer, after he has taken his cue, had better dismiss the original from his mind and elaborate only from imagination, as the development of the story may direct. He has a chance, at least, to know the complete psychology of his own creation, and he may then breathe into its nostrils the breath of life that it may become a living soul. But the actual words and actions of his prototype wrought into the fabric of the story, although they may seem to the writer the most vital parts of his

at the best only vaguely guessed, is to impose upon the imagined character something foreign, perhaps antagonistic. The moment of this engrafting is fatal to illusion.

Here, then, we are faced with a paradox. The pleasure we receive from a work of art is, according to Aristotle, the pleasure of realising that "this is that." But in the novel, if "this is that" faithfully to the last particular, the critical reader immediately denies that this is that at all. Therefore, the intellectual alchemist must take care that this is not literally that, and, if his alchemy be right, the thing that emerges from his crucible will be assayed as the pure gold of fiction—untruth that is true.

A novel that provoked keen challenge as to the justice of its grim realism, but still triumphed as most persuasive fiction, has within the last weeks been reissued in a memorial edition. This is the famous "HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS," by the late George Douglas Brown (Melrose; 7s. 6d.). The novel is one of the few first efforts in fiction which have brought the author immediate and enduring fame, if not riches. When I say "immediate fame" and "first effort," I ought, in strict accuracy, to qualify these terms, for Brown had published anonymously a story for boys, which, however, hardly counts. The tale of the village of Barbie and its people was his first, and unfortunately his last, considerable piece of literature. For a few weeks it hung fire, then by great good luck it fell, without previous introduction, into the hands of the critic best qualified to recognise its extraordinary merits.

Andrew Lang took up the novel at random, and, judging from the general appearance of the book, fancied that it was just an ordinary shocker. He began to read, and found himself in the small hours before he knew where he was.

The result was a glowing column and a quarter in the *Times*, and "George Douglas" (for so the book was signed) took his due place among authors of whom much might be expected. Fate forbade. Before the year was out Brown was dead. But his reputation was secure, and he has his niche in the "Dictionary of National Biography" in a memoir written in the chaste, judicious and properly reticent style of that publication.

A memorial edition is not premature, and the new volume makes its appearance at an appropriate moment, for January 26 will be the fifty-fifth anniversary of Brown's birth. In one detail, however, the memorial edition disappoints me. Brown would not have liked the frontispiece, a portrait of the novelist autographed with a few jocular lines, harmless in themselves, but never intended for general publication. In private he had few equals as a whimsical jester, but he hated familiar publicity. Before me lies an advertisement of his earliest edition, a printed postcard bearing a "puff" in a style Brown deeply resented. Across it he had scrawled a neat parody of two well-known lines of Byron's which entirely hit off Brown's own feeling on the matter. To publish the autograph on the frontispiece seems to me an error of judgment, for the remarks, however amusing to the private eye, do not suggest to the outside public the fineness and dignity of Brown in his relations with the world at large. I speak from long and close intimacy with a dear and now deeply-lamented friend.

Brown's work needs no support from minor personal details. It is its own recommendation. The story may be painful, but its power is irresistible. In one point alone does it fail to represent its author. Some have imagined that so gloomy a tale must be the work of a morose and embittered man. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a work of literature, "The House With the Green Shutters" drew this enviable criticism from Lang, who was "goy ill to please" in workmanship: "The style is so good that one does not think about it."

It is not often that one feels inclined to say a good word for a book the mere writing of which leaves much to be desired and bears the marks of amateurish formlessness; but sometimes matter may come before manner. In this connection, I would invite my readers to look at a recent novel, "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLACK-GUARD," by Raymond Paton (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), a fantastic story of evil influence that recalls "Le Peau de Chagrin," although it is in no way an imitation. The novel suffers somewhat from a sort of prologue and epilogue, rationalising and explaining the sinister power that ruined the hero, and those parts might very well be skipped. Between them lies the real story, a thing of undeniable vitality and fascination. The novel, as presented, raises the interesting question whether fantastic mysteries in fiction ought to be explained, or simply left in the realm of pure fantasy.



A SCHOOLBOY'S "SLATE" 2500 YEARS OLD: THE EARLIEST AND MOST PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE GREEK ALPHABET (WITH LETTERS FROM RIGHT TO LEFT): AN ETRUSCAN IVORY TABLET (EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.)

This tablet was filled with wax, on which the pupil copied with a stylus, or long pin, the alphabet inscribed by the master along the border. At the right end is a handle carved as two lion heads and pierced for a string. It was found by the late Prince Thomas Corsini and Professor Minto, the Etruscologist, in a necropolis of an unidentified city—perhaps Caletra—in Etruria, and was recently placed in the Florence Museum. Previous alphabets found on Etruscan sites are mostly rough, fragmentary, or incorrect; and date from the early sixth or late seventh century B.C. "This one," writes Professor Halbherr, "is earlier, and the most perfect specimen of an actual tablet for school exercises found in Europe. The 26 letters run, in Phœnician style, from right to left, and give the Chalcidian form of the Greek alphabet, brought to S.W. Italy by Eubœan colonists."—[Photograph supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.]

portrait, are only so much dead tissue, as he will discover when *Messieurs les assassins* begin. A writer of fiction must write fiction, or fail.

There is a certain amount of hardship in this law. Life is so complex, it shows to some men such unusual features, that many things "just like a story-book" may crowd into the novelist's experience and tempt him irresistibly to describe them. The question remains: How far ought he to yield to temptation? Only a slavish dread of censure would cause him to reject these seductive things altogether; but the wise artist, remembering the limitations of fact, will not set them down exactly as they are. His only safety is to let his brain "alter and exalt" the particulars until the characters and incidents come forth new-born children of the imagination. Then they may win belief, perhaps affection. Otherwise he risks having his most literally transcribed passages scouted as impossible. At the bar of criticism, "the facts" are always against the novelist.

The artist, whether painter or sculptor, who is faithful to his original, is not so heavily handicapped as the writer. The artist seizes only a moment, and, although he must exalt and transmute the original impulse, the opportunity of error is narrowed. The painter's danger is greater than the sculptor's, for he can express in a single face an extraordinary complexity of thought and feeling. He can betray the secrets of the eye as the sculptor cannot. But action is outside the painter's or sculptor's province: it is everything to the writer. Therefore, if he is to win belief, he must have traced the springs of action to their source in the soul of his characters. Merely to record the observed actions of a living original, whose motives are

## BEFORE ROME WAS BUILT: EXQUISITE ETRUSCAN IVORIES AND JEWELLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF FLORENCE; SUPPLIED (WITH DESCRIPTION) BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

THE objects here illustrated, recently acquired by the Museum of Florence, form part of a remarkable discovery, of which the chief item was the ivory tablet (shown on the opposite page) bearing the earliest known example of the Greek alphabet. "The tablet was found," writes Professor Federico Halbherr, "by the late Prince Thomas Corsini and his associate, the well-known Etruscologist, Professor Minto, in the very early necropolis of a still unidentified city—perhaps Caletra—in Central Etruria. With the tablet was a rich collection of ivories, bronzes, and gold ornaments, testifying to the wealth of the rulers of that country at the beginning of the seventh and even in the eighth century B.C. The ivories are remarkable for their orientalising style and their resemblance to the well-known ones of Cære and Preneste, which are the best of their kind. We are able to give here pictures of some of their carvings, from photographs

[Continued opposite.]



BEAUTIFULLY WROUGHT IN GOLD AND PLATED SILVER: A FIBULA (OR SAFETY-PIN) FOUND IN AN ETRUSCAN NECROPOLIS OF THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.



AN IVORY STATUETTE OF THE SEMITIC AND AEGEAN MOTHER GODDESS FOUND IN ETRURIA: THE BACK.



THE SAME IVORY STATUETTE OF THE MOTHER GODDESS, OR GODDESS OF FECUNDITY: THE FRONT.



IN ANCIENT DAYS A PROMINENT LANDMARK FOR SAILORS: A TYPICAL ETRUSCAN THOLOS TOMB, OR TUMULUS, ON THE TYRRHENIAN COAST, WITH EXCAVATORS AT WORK.

CARVED WITH A LION BETWEEN TWO HUMAN FIGURES, AND TWO DOGS: AN IVORY POMMEL.

kindly supplied by Professor Minto, of the Archaeological Museum of Florence: a very fine pommel of a stick or handle with the figure of a lion between two men, perhaps hunters; some fragmentary groups of animals; and another ornamental piece bearing the pretty figures of two dogs caressing each other. A more primitive workmanship is shown by the statuette of the Goddess of Fecundity, which is one of the most archaic objects discovered in the necropolis, and recalls by its style the Aegean type of the so-called Mother Goddess, known from the Pre-Hellenic marble idols of the Cyclades and Crete. The gold objects are of an exceptional richness, rivalling in variety and value the finest Etruscan jewellery discovered at Vetulonia some years ago, and thoroughly illustrated by the late Professor Milani. Among them are ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces, and multi-form safety-pins (*fibulæ*), one being of great size (see sixth illustration).

[Continued below.]



A MASTERPIECE OF ETRUSCAN JEWELLERY: A FIBULA OF GOLD AND GOLD-PLATED SILVER.

Continued.]

The Etruscan necropolis where these remarkable discoveries have been made is composed of tombs excavated in the flanks of the hills, and of shaft graves and subterranean chambers covered with *tumuli* or mounds, on the lower plains. It occupies a large extension of ground in the very heart of Etruria, between the small rivers, Camarrone and Albegna, looking on the Tyrrhenian shore, opposite the islands of Giglio and Monte Cristo. This coast, provided with small but safe anchorages, protected from the south wind by the high promontory of Mount

Argentario, and sheltered north and west by the barrier of Elba and the other Tyrrhenian Islands, was the natural landing-place for the commercial vessels of the Chalcidian cities of the Straits of Messina and the Gulf of Naples, chiefly Cumæ; and it is from that side that the first products of Greek art and industry, and the first elements of a higher culture, such as the knowledge of script, penetrated Etruria, reaching as far as Latium, at a time when the seven hills of Rome were still occupied by the huts of hunters and shepherds."

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.



THE KING and Queen's return to town made, as usual, a stir in social circles. Their Majesties never set themselves to make a stir, but there is an appreciable difference when they are here. Very



*The introduction of the kerchief collar is a notable feature of this artistic gown in blue-and-white patterned foulard.*

great annoyance and disgust was felt by all decent people at the attempt to exploit the King's name, and his supposed advice to his Ministers. The liberty of the Press was, for once in a way, degraded to licence. Politicians have nothing whatever to do with our King, who may well congratulate himself on having nothing to do with them in these latter days, when they are so frequently irresponsible, and used chiefly to prosper personal aims. This good old England of ours keeps its end up in spite of politicians, not because of them; and our good King and Queen and members of our fine Royal Family are a great asset in so keeping it.

The Labour lady Members have begun to legislate before their men colleagues: they have passed a Bill for the abolition of hats in the House of Commons for the members of our sex of their party. Very right and proper, and as the ladies all have well-shaped heads and nice hair, their first unofficial legislation will be acclaimed, and hair-dressers will specially feel obliged. They have a real grievance against the up-to-date hat. It has always seemed that that which we have Apostolic authority for considering a glory to us is also a great convenience: for we do not, apparently, experience half the dread of draughts that men do. An elderly gentleman in a railway carriage had a heated argument with two ladies about an open window. They politely reminded him that they were on the draughty side; he was free from it. "I ain't got your great mops on my head," was the crabby answer. He certainly had not: for in the warmth of argument he removed his hat and disclosed a bright and shining place where there was, indeed, no shadow of parting. Possibly one of his fresh-air fiends might have had to plead, like a cautious Scotch lady congratulated on a wonderful head of hair for her nearly eighty years, that a portion of it was detachable!

The Prince of Wales's visit to Paris was a very little one; the idea that he was going on to the Riviera at this time did not seem very sensible. When polo is in full swing there, he might choose it for a short holiday. The Prince does not care for gambling in hot rooms, or for fashionable functions, concerts, opera, or other delights of Riviera-lovers, and I have been told that pigeon-shooting, as it was practised there, revolted his ideas of sport. He got back in time for the opening of a momentous Parliament, and has several engagements for the

immediate future. In May he will go to South Africa, and be away for a part of the London season at least. He will, of course, be greatly missed, but this will complete his tour of the Dominions across seas; and many people believe that, these tours accomplished, his Royal Highness will take unto himself a Princess of Wales, and that will be a great day for Britain. A visit to Ireland has long been in the Prince's mind: that he will receive a warm welcome there cannot be doubted.

Children's parties, small and great, have been very frequent, and seldom have the little people had a better time. The Waifs and Strays annual party at Claridge's was a great success. The dresses were most attractive, and Princess Marie Bariatinsky and Mr. Owen Nares had a hard task to judge which were best. As almost every child had had inculcated parental hopes of being a winner, the merry way the mites took their disappointment was delightful. One small schoolboy, with a term's experience, dressed in an Eton suit, was haying tea with a younger girl in fancy dress, who expressed loud admiration for a very decorative and delectable-looking cake. Said the boy: "Hush! you mustn't show any excitement, it is bad form!" It was characteristic, and proved that the child is indeed the father of the man.

The cattle plague has hit the hunting season very hard. Many thousands are thrown out of work; the tradespeople at Melton and Oakham and other



*This simple frock of black crépe marocain boasts the novel decoration of a bird embroidered in white beads.*

affected hunting centres are losing thousands. Things at Melton are almost as dull as in the war time hunt seasons. Few people realise what good this sport brings to a hunting district. It is an example of how it is missed that Ireland is now booming its hunting advantages for all it is worth. All that is wanted to revive that great sport over there is hunting people with money. These seem rather backward in coming forward, but Lady Katharine and Lady Blanche Beresford, sisters of the Marquess of Waterford (who is in the Royal Horse Guards), are showing excellent sport as Joint Masters of the Waterford Hunt. They are born sportswomen, and ride astride. As youngsters they hunted regularly, and were joined by their cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's girls, while they resided at Lismore Castle, Waterford, the Duke's picturesque residence on the Blackwater. Farmers are delighted to see these young lady Masters, and the Hunt under them is generally popular.

Lord Clonmore is one of the eligible young men of the day. He attained his majority in October last. The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, his maternal grandmother, has recently been staying with his father, the Earl of Wicklow, at his picturesque home, Shelton Abbey, Arklow. It is a delightful place, part of it very ancient and in excellent preservation. Lord Clonmore is an only child, and as a boy was not strong. His mother died in 1917 from overwork and

anxiety in war time. Her only sister was torpedoed in the following year when crossing the Channel, and was drowned. The Howards settled in Ireland in the sixteenth century, and Shelton Abbey has been a family seat ever since. The first of them to be raised to the Peerage as a Viscount was the Right Hon. Ralph Howard. His widow was created Countess of Wicklow. The present Earl is the only son of the first marriage of his father, the sixth Earl. He had two step-brothers, one of whom grew up, married, and left a son and a daughter.

It was bad luck for Lady Warrender, who worked hard to secure a seat for Sir Victor in the new Parliament, and since has entertained and gone to balls in Grantham, his constituency, that, almost on the eve of her departure for a holiday at St. Moritz and the enjoyment of winter sports, she should contract chicken-pox. It is a complaint not nearly so futile as it sounds, and there has been a lot of it. Miss Carlos Clarke got it on the eve of her marriage with Lord Norman Butler, the Marquess of Ormonde's second son, causing a postponement of the marriage. Several well-known young people have had their holiday festivities cut out or curtailed by it.

It is a mistake to suppose that weddings at the Temple Church are rare events; they are fairly frequent. At that of Mr. Lawson Niven Peregrine, a homely touch was given by the fact that the bride, Miss Roberts, walked from her mother's residence, in Lamb Building, on a specially laid carpet to the door of the church. The circular or tenth-century part is most interesting, and it was quaint to think of the lives of the four Crusaders whose bronze effigies lie in it, and then to look at two tiny girls bearing the bride's train, whose early look-out on life is from the first quarter of the twentieth century. There will be another wedding in the same church on the 19th inst.

The fashion of having Hunt Balls in private residences has been increasing since Viscount and Viscountess Marsham lent Gayton Hall for the West Norfolk Ball, the first that was attended by the Queen and several members of the Royal Family. A similar honour was accorded to it this year, at the house of the Master, Colonel Seymour, and Mrs. Seymour. Viscountess Harcourt lends Nuneham for a similar purpose. The Garth Hunt Ball was held at Easthamptstead, the Marquess and Marchioness of Downshire's house; and other well-known country houses have been lent for a similar purpose. Balls are therefore more exclusive and more enjoyable, as well as more financially beneficial to hunts—a serious consideration in these days.

A. E. L.



*The new chemise sleeves worn in Paris are effectively introduced in this distinctive frock of cream cloth, trimmed with black moiré ribbon.*

## WOMEN AT WESTMINSTER: QUARTERS FOR THE FEMININE CONTINGENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.



DECORATED WITH PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN: THE TEA AND REFRESHMENT ROOM FOR WOMEN M.P.'S AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



A "VANITY" BAG IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: ONE OF THE WRITING ROOMS IN THE QUARTERS SET APART FOR WOMEN MEMBERS.



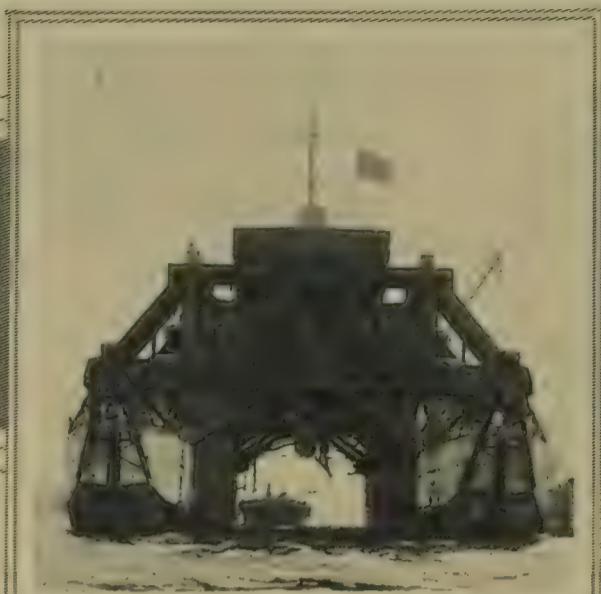
THE "FATHER" OF THE HOUSE AND HIS PARLIAMENTARY "DAUGHTERS": MR. T. P. O'CONNOR WITH SEVEN OF THE EIGHT WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, AT A DINNER GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR BY THE WOMEN'S ELECTION COMMITTEE.

Special quarters have been assigned at the House of Commons for the exclusive use of the eight women Members of Parliament. Seven of them are seen with Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "Father" of the House, in the interesting group (reproduced above) which was taken on the occasion of a dinner in their honour given recently, at Frascati's, by the Women's Election Committee. The figures are (from left to right): Standing—Miss Dorothea Jewson, M.P. (Labour: Norwich); Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. (Nationalist: Liverpool, Scotland Division); Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P. (formerly Miss Mabel Russell—Conservative: Berwick-on-Tweed);

Lady Terrington, M.P. (Liberal: Bucks, Wycombe); Seated—The Duchess of Atholl, M.P. (Conservative: Kinross and Western); Mrs. Wintringham, M.P. (Liberal: Louth); Lady Astor, M.P. (Conservative: Plymouth, Sutton); and Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P. (Labour: Northampton). The absentee was Miss Susan Lawrence (Labour: East Ham North). Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the veteran journalist and Irish Nationalist, has sat for the Scotland Division of Liverpool since 1885, having previously represented Galway for five years. He is 75, and was "Father of the House," in the last Parliament, as in the present one.

## THE SUNK SUBMARINE: "L 24"; HER COMMANDER; SALVAGE VESSELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, C.N., AND STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

SECOND IN COMMAND OF "L 24":  
LIEUT. DONALD H. BARTON, R.N.THE LATEST TYPE OF SALVAGE-VESSEL FOR LIFTING  
SUNKEN SUBMARINES: A CRAFT LIKE A FLOATING ARCH.IN COMMAND OF "L 24": LIEUT.-COMR. PAUL  
L. EDDIS, R.N.SUNK WITH ALL HANDS (43) IN COLLISION (IT IS SAID) WITH THE BATTLE-SHIP "RESOLUTION," DURING A PRACTICE ATTACK BY SUBMARINES ON SHIPS  
OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET OFF PORTLAND BILL: THE LOST SUBMARINE, "L 24"—WITH A SEAPLANE OVERHEAD.SENT TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: THE SALVAGE-SHIP "MOORDALE,"  
SHOWING HER LIFTING GEAR, LIKE A RAISED DRAWBRIDGE, AT THE BOWS.THE BATTLE-SHIP WITH WHICH "L 24" COLLIDED WHILE RISING TO THE  
SURFACE: H.M.S. "RESOLUTION," IN WHICH A COURT OF INQUIRY WAS HELD.

The Admiralty announced on January 12: "All hope of saving life in the submarine 'L 24' has been abandoned. Further operations will take place as soon as the weather moderates, to verify the wreck as the submarine 'L 24' and to ascertain, if possible, the reason of her loss." The disaster took place on January 10 during a practice attack by submarines on ships of the Atlantic Fleet as they left Portland for Gibraltar. It was stated that "L 24" collided with the battle-ship "Resolution," while rising to the surface, and sank with all hands (43) in 30 fathoms of water. The "Resolution" returned to Portsmouth, and a court of inquiry was held on board. Damage to her keel, it was reported, showed

that the submarine must have bumped against her under water as she came up. Salvage-ships, including the submarine-lifting lighter "Moordale," with divers, were rushed to the scene, and some wreckage, believed to be the "L 24," was located by trawlers, which passed a hawser round it, and the spot was marked with buoys. Lieut.-Commander Eddis was the only surviving son of the Rev. J. E. Eddis, of Ryde. He was in Submarine "E 13" when she grounded on a Danish island in 1915 and was shelled by a German destroyer. Lieut. Barton also served in the war, and fought at Jutland in the battle-cruiser "New Zealand." The "L 24" (890 tons; or, submerged, 1080) was completed in 1920.

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### Prince of Sportsmen!

No more apt title could be bestowed upon our valiant Heir Apparent. An enthusiastic supporter of most of Britain's national sports and games, the Prince of Wales is well accomplished in the hunting field. A horseman of particular daring, his riding always shows a dash and vigour which endears him to all followers of hounds.

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"Green Stripe" is a perfect blend of Scotland's finest whiskies, having as a basis world-renowned Speyside Malts. When you require a whisky mellow and matured, of superfine quality,

The Correct Call  
is always

**'GREEN  
STRIPÉ'  
WHISKY**

## THE GODS LET LOOSE.

(Continued from Page 100.)

military forces, the number of soldiers, the power of weapons, the rapidity of concentration and movement of troops, and the means of defence and offence—in proportions formerly unknown. Europe would have had a decisive advantage over the other continents, if she had been able to stop at the moment when continuing to arm herself meant weakness, for she loaded herself, like the warriors of the Middle Ages, with an overwhelming weight of iron. Europe could not stop; she was caught up in the machinery of the unlimited armament competition; she was forced to augment her military forces until she had set on foot the armies of the World War, and thrown civilisation out of gear by a colossal conflict.

Whether it be a question of armaments, alcoholic drinks, sport, inflation of currency—that is to say, of all things which are useful or good when used sparingly, but which become dangerous and bad if they exceed certain proportions—there is nothing so difficult for our civilisation as to stop in time. An evil genius urges it always to extreme consequences, to the annihilation of good by excess. This genius has never been so strong as at present, for the World War and the revolutions by which it was followed have nearly destroyed the traditions, doctrines, and institutions which had survived from the old order of things, and which during the nineteenth century had a little restrained its terrible impetus. Now that genius has become the occult and all-powerful dominating factor of our time. Where will it lead us? Will it strike against sudden resistances which will surge up from the depth of the conscience of our time? Will it carry out to the bitter end the tragedy which began ten years ago, the destruction of a civilisation made by its own strength, and which it knew not how to limit? Will it let loose a barbarism *ab intus*, which is nothing but the exaggeration of its own power?

While we wait for the reply which Destiny will give to these questions, it will not, perhaps, be useless to follow attentively the efforts at limitation which are very timidly made in the kingdom of Bacchus and that of Mars. For there is a country—Sweden—which has sought a remedy against the evil of drunkenness, not in total suppression,

but in the limitation of the dangerous pleasure. A very ingenious law has fixed there the amount of intoxicating drink that each person may consume per month, and established minute rules for rationing to prevent fraud, and even to make alcohol itself a collaborator of authority and a supporter of the laws. For example, if a Swedish citizen fails to pay his taxes, the first penalty which he incurs is the loss of his ration of alcohol. What will be the fate of this law, which is a recent one, and which endeavours

constitute by their success or failure an important symptom for judging the condition of that distinguished sick man—the world. In any case, we can only hope that the spirit of our ancestors will help us. At present there is an attempt to reconcile us with the great masters of thought and literature of antiquity which the last generations would no longer read. But we only study the past in order to know the things of which we are ignorant or do not know well. The men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries threw themselves upon the Latin and Greek books especially that they might learn what the Middle Ages no longer knew, how to organise States and armies. Could they teach us again the science of "too much," which they knew so well, and which has become an occult science in our day? Could they reveal again all that profound philosophy that lies hidden in the two words so insignificant for us: *μηδὲν ἄγαν*?

Those ancient writers would render us as great a service as in the sixteenth century when they taught how to reorganise States and armies.



WINTER SPORT IN KENT: A SLEIGH USED IN THE ANTARCTIC BY CAPTAIN SCOTT.  
DRAWN BY A TEAM OF SAMOYEDES.

The Samoyedes are the property of Mrs. Kilburn Scott. On the sled are the Misses Scott.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

to apply the only rational and human remedy to a terrible evil? Will it have the strength to resist the double irritation of those whom it prevents from drinking their fill of alcohol and of those who consider all intoxicating liquors as an invention of the Evil One? And what will be the fate of the laborious efforts which the League of Nations has been making for the last two years to bring about a much more important limitation—that of armaments?

The comparison is not so strange as it may seem. All efforts towards limitation, no matter in what field, may

by Messrs. Browne and Lilly, of Thames Side, Reading, who offer a wide choice in permanent, temporary, and portable buildings. The catalogue sections include one for bungalows of all kinds; and a special section for the "Cottabunga," or bungalow cottage. Another section deals with portable buildings such as motor garages, chalets, beach huts, studios, loose boxes, billiard and recreation rooms, pavilions, green-houses, and outbuildings for all purposes. Messrs. Browne and Lilly request that those desiring catalogues will kindly mention the type of building in which they are interested.



The Stage Coach gradually disappeared with the extension of the network of railways. James Watt, probably the greatest of inventors of the steam engine, was born in the City from which emanates the celebrated pipe tobacco—"SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE."

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## Fashions and Fancies.

### What Paris Wears.

Despite the many conflicting rumours, there is not the faintest suggestion of a normal waist-line in the frocks which Paris ordains shall be worn during the next few months. The silhouette remains either perfectly straight from neck to hem, or relieved by an umbrella flare from the knees or tiered flounces slanting from the hips. An evening gown of rust silk velvet, severely plain to the knees, may suddenly develop into three decidedly frivolous ruffles of brown



The Tsang-Ihang Bath Salts are never lacking from the toilet table of the discriminating woman.

moiré ornamented with gold and black embroidery; or a long-sleeved frock of the chemise persuasion expressed in black woollen tissue can effectively boast the amusing trimming of two rows of wide woollen fringe slanting from the hips and giving a graceful tiered effect to the skirt. Many attractive three-piece suits are modelled on slender lines reminiscent of the long Russian tunic with the slightly pouched front, the coat being either very short, cut on military lines, or reaching to the end of the tunic.

**Restoring Lost Contours.** It is naturally a sad waste of time, however, to devote all one's attention to new clothes without first studying the all-important question of how to rejuvenate and restore the face to the freshness and

youth essential to spring. This is a problem which has demanded many years of study, but a successful solution has certainly been achieved by Mrs. Adair, of 92, New Bond Street, W., the eminent authority on beauty. Her "Strapping Muscle Treatment" not only counteracts the inevitable loosening of the muscles (and consequent development of wrinkles),

Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty to Face and Form." It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

### A Perfume from Thibet.

Like modern Cleopatras, every woman has instilled in her a love of fragrant perfumes, and to-day she still delights in wonderful aromas inspired originally by the celebrated *parfumeurs* of ancient civilisations. The production of a perfume hitherto unknown to us is therefore a matter of universal interest, and the Tsang-Ihang variety, culled from secrets of old Thibet, has made its *début* under the aegis of the well-known firm of J. Grossmith and Son, Newgate Street, E.C. Imparting an elusive fragrance of the East, it is as refreshing as it is fascinating, and is introduced in many of this firm's well-known



Inspired by secrets of old Thibet are the fragrant Tsang-Ihang powder and perfumes.

but renews in them life and vigour, thus restoring lost contours to the face and chin. It is a simple but effective method of scientific facial "tapping," combined with the use of Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil, which completes the good work. The treatment takes forty minutes, and can include an electric battery or violet ray according to individual wishes. The charges with and without violet ray are 17s. 6d. for one treatment, or £3 10s. for a course of five, and 12s. 6d. or £2 12s. 6d. respectively.

**For Tired Eyes.** The care of the eyes is another speciality of Mrs. Adair. One of her eye treatments removes every trace of fatigue, and any subsequent tired lines can be dispersed at home in a few moments with the aid of the Ganesh Eye Bandalettes, which are perfectly simple to adjust and cost only 10s. 6d. for a box containing twelve. Their application soothes the whole nervous system, and as a result causes the eyes to sparkle with unwonted beauty and colour. Everyone who finds it impossible to make a personal visit may obtain a useful substitute in Mrs. Adair's booklet on "How to



A soothing half-hour, during which lost contours are magically restored, is the experience of everyone who seeks the aid of Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, W., the originator of the Ganesh Strapping Muscle Treatment.

toilet preparations, including soap, dental cream, etc. The face-powder is also available in the compressed variety or in the form of powder leaves.

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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW

MEMORIES. By the Right Hon. Viscount LONG OF WAXALL, F.R.S. (Walter Long). (Hutchinson; 24s. net.)

The reminiscences of a statesman who has devoted over forty years to the public service, and was a Cabinet Minister during the Great War as well as the South African War, must appeal to a large circle of readers. Their interest is enhanced when the author is also a distinguished Peer and a keen sportsman, who writes with an intimate knowledge of society and country life. Such is the volume which Lord Long has produced since his retirement from political life, due, unfortunately, to ill-health. He writes in easy, conversational style, with straightforward candour, enlivening his narrative with many an anecdote. He has interesting things to record of his family history, of his Harrow and Oxford days, and of his career as a staunch Conservative in both Houses of Parliament. Especially notable are his chapters on Ireland, on Unionism, on his tenure of office at the Admiralty, and on travel, hunting, cricket, and other sports. Of the Labour Party at the present juncture he writes: "I cannot help thinking that they will inevitably become the advanced section of what has always been called the Liberal or Radical Party." The book has twenty illustrations, including portraits.

MEMORIES OF MANY YEARS—1839-1922. By ARCHBISHOP SETON. With an Introduction by SHANE LESLIE, M.A. (Cantab.). (John Long; 15s. net.)

At the age of eighty-four, Archbishop Seton, who is an American citizen, of old Scottish lineage, and a Roman Catholic prelate, ranges in memory over an amazing variety of experiences and acquaintanceships in two continents. He studied in Rome in the days of Pius IX., was the first student at the American College there, and the first American to become a Monsignor. As a priest he worked for twenty-five years in New Jersey, which he left to live in Rome, under Leo XIII., as an Archbpishop, until he retired again to New Jersey. He describes the United States before the Civil War, when Red Indians still lived on Long Island, and Rome before the Popes lost their Temporal Power. Among the many notable people of whom he has recollections are Edgar Allan Poe, Fenimore Cooper, Commodore Perry (who "discovered" Japan), Mrs. Bloomer, Marshal Grouchy's widow, Napoleon's brother Jerome, Disraeli, and the Abbé Huc of Lhasa fame. There is a portrait frontispiece of the author.

THIS KING BUSINESS: INTIMATE ACCOUNTS OF ROYALTY AS A GOING CONCERN. By FREDERICK L. COLLINS. Fully illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d. net.)

This book, like the last, is of American origin. It is a refreshingly candid description of the chief living personalities in the Royal Houses of Europe, regnant or exiled. As the title indicates, the author regards royalty almost in the light of a commercial enterprise, and he is no great respecter of persons. Thus, in chapters called "These Windsors" and "Gold Lace Democracy," he discusses frankly but with admiration the members of our

own Royal Family, in a style of familiarity which no Briton would care to adopt, but the net result amounts to a warm tribute. Especially interesting is the story of the Russian Hegira and the hardships of the impoverished exiles in making a livelihood. In "The Woman Charlemagne" and "Marrying an Empire" Mr. Collins appraises the Balkan ambitions of Queen Marie of Roumania; in "The Hapsburg Hope," those of ex-Empress Zita; in "Roman Candles," the Italian dynasty; and in "The Royal Play-Boy," the King and Queen of Spain. A final chapter touches on the fortunes of royalty in Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia.

NELL GWYN: THE STORY OF HER LIFE. By LEWIS MELVILLE. With Illustrations in colour and black-and-white by KITTY SHANNON. (Hutchinson; 21s. net.)

The "King business," as described in this entertaining if not exactly edifying book, was a very different affair in the time of the Merry Monarch from what it is to-day. Although "pretty, witty Nell" remains throughout the "leading lady" on Mr. Melville's stage, the rest of the company are by no means unimportant. She appears, in fact, as the central figure in a comprehensive picture of her royal lover's Court, and of his numerous amours. The book is a record of scandal and intrigue, mingled with much interesting historical matter, and frequent quotations from contemporary writers, including Samuel Pepys, and ever and anon the austere voice of John Evelyn, the sterner diarist, raised in indignant protest against the laxity of the time. The illustrations, which are abundant and attractive, insist, perhaps appropriately, on the *déshabille* habits of Nell and her fair rivals.

LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LORD HUNTINGDON. With Introduction and Notes by FRANCIS STEUART. Now for the first time published. (The Medici Society; 8s. 6d. net.)

From a seventeenth-century royal "favourite" we turn to a "Worldly Wiseman" of the eighteenth century. The discovery at Loudoun Castle of an unpublished batch of letters from Lord Chesterfield, of epistolary fame, was an important event, and this volume which contains them is a real addition to English literature. While the famous "Letters to My Son" were written between 1761 and 1770, the new ones cover the period from 1747 to 1769, and abound in allusions to social and political events. In them, Lord Chesterfield forecasts the French Revolution. Their recipient, Francis Hastings, tenth Earl of Huntingdon, was over thirty years younger than his correspondent, and was only twenty when the letters began. Like the paternal series, they are "full of sententious and cynical advice."

GRENOBLE AND THEREABOUTS. By HENRI FERRAND. (The Medici Society; 7s. 6d. net, \$2.50, 30 francs, 35 lire.)

This delightful volume, translated from the French of Henri Ferrand, an authority on the French Alps, belongs to the Medici Society's series of Picture Guides, and is notable for the beauty and abundance of the photographs that adorn every page of the book. The "Thereabouts" of the title comprises Chartreuse, Oisans, Vercors, Belle-

done, Uriage-les-Bains, Allevard, Trèves, Salette, and Laffrey. The beauty of the scenery, as here portrayed, will make every reader long to visit that delectable region.

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. (Southern). By FRANCES M. COSTLING. With eight Illustrations from photographs. (Mills and Boon; 5s. net.)

In the same category as the last-named book may be classed this interesting volume, in the vein of historical reminiscence, on the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Rochester, Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells and Gloucester. The subject of our cathedrals and their story has often been treated before, but it makes a perennial appeal, and every fresh writer can add something to its charm. This is certainly true of the present work.

EPISODES. By E. JAYNE GILBERT. (A. M. Philpot; 7s. 6d. net.)

We prefer to avoid a tempting conundrum, to guess the real authorship of this book, which, we are told, is "the work of an already famous novelist, who has taken a *nom-de-plume* in order to give the public entirely fresh work, free from the friendly prejudice of an established reputation. . . . Each of these 'Episodes' is the crucial moment in a life story, the 'meat' of a full novel." No one will deny that they are "strong meat," in more senses than one. As explained in the Author's Note, they represent a valiant effort to raise the status of the English short story to that of the French *conte*, and they should do much to attain that desirable end. The episodes fall into three groups—Sex, Temperament, and Tragedy—and they scorn the conventional "happy ending" beloved of the magazines.

PASSIONS AND PINPRICKS. By CAROLA PROSPERI. Translated from the Italian by ELAINE A. WOOD. (A. M. Philpot; 7s. 6d. net.)

These short stories by a well-known Italian woman novelist are closely akin, *mutatis mutandis*, to the previous book on our list. Signora Carola Prosperi has published eight volumes of short stories, besides six novels, and the present book is introduced as a "selection of dramatic romance-episodes, now first translated for English readers." For such readers, their intrinsic interest is heightened by their revelation of Italian life and ideas and social values, which naturally differ in many respects from the English point of view.

TREFOIL. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

It needs a woman to explain a woman, and by the time she has finished with her wayward heroine, the author has thrown much light on the mental workings of the typical modern girl. Gay Hardinge was faced with the problem of remaining true or not to a lover suddenly crippled in an accident. The book records her successive discoveries of her own body, mind, and soul—the "trefoil" of the title. In the process of finding her soul she breaks several masculine hearts, but not, we fancy, beyond repair. The local colour is laid on with lavish variety, the scene changing from the New Forest to Cornwall and the Scottish Highlands, with dialect accordingly.

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36 ins.

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with small Pink Silk  
Rose. Size 2.  
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Suit for small boys,  
trimmed with contrasting  
coloured Stripes.  
18 ins.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The British Empire Exhibition.

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley will undoubtedly bring an enormous number of overseas visitors to England during the spring and summer. Talking to a highly placed official of the Exhibition the other day, I was

Real Service. Apropos this matter of the usefulness of the motoring associations to their membership, one often hears it said that the individual reaps no benefit from his membership. All I can say to the person who tells me this is that he is a lucky fellow never to have required their help. He is on all-fours with the man who has insured his car for years and has never had a claim.

I always regard the money paid in subscriptions to the R.A.C. and the A.A. as a form of insurance against all sorts of untoward happenings which are not covered by any orthodox policy. I may never have needed free legal defence in the courts, in which case I am very fortunate not to have been involved in this direction; but it is there as a right if and when I do want it, though I hope I shall not. I have never had a serious dispute with a trader or anyone else affecting the purchase or sale of a car; but if at any time I do I can call either of these organisations to my aid. And so right through the whole sphere of their activities. It is all very well for some to say that

they are merely paying for others who are constantly in trouble of one sort or another; but, after all, what are the "no claim" insurers doing? Precisely the same, of course.

The following seems to be a good case in point of the enormous assistance which is sometimes rendered by these bodies. A car belonging to an American visitor broke down and was left in this country for several months while the necessary spares were obtained and fitted. Instructions were subsequently received from the owner to send the car to him in a part of the world where it is usually impossible to send cars unpacked.

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An Interesting Letter. I have received from a correspondent in Canada a very interesting letter on the subject of

grease-gun lubrication, arising out of something I wrote in these pages on Dec. 1 last. His letter was written on the Trans-Continental train, and the only address given is "nearing Montreal," otherwise I should have been delighted to reply directly. He apparently thinks I was rather hard on the grease-gun method of lubrication, and tells me that he has

[Continued overleaf.]



SUPPLIED TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING BY STRATTON-INSTONE, LTD.: A 45-H.P. DAIMLER SHOOTING-BRAKE, WITH A HOOVER BODY.

informed that so great is the attraction that it is impossible, or next door to it, to secure a passage home from any of the great Dominions until August. Among the many thousands of expected visitors there is certain to be a large percentage of motorists, and for the benefit of these the R.A.C. has made the most complete arrangements to add to their comfort and convenience during their stay in this country. "Triptyques" will be issued to all motorists who are members of affiliated clubs, and on landing every facility will be provided for a speedy clearance and the issue of the necessary registration and licenses, if they are not already in possession of these documents. What this all means in convenience can only be appreciated by those who, ignorant of all the forms and procedure, have negotiated such matters for themselves. It is this kind of work that makes the motorist feel that, after all, there is some useful purpose served by such bodies as the R.A.C.



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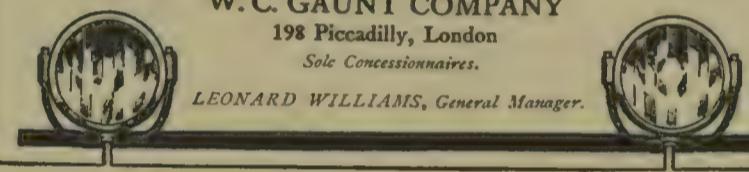
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Continued.]

an American car, fitted with a system called the Alemite, which he finds very satisfactory. I am afraid I do not know this system at all, but I do know that, after going to the trouble and expense of fitting a much-advertised set of greasers, I have removed them and gone back to the original hand-filled grease-caps. It takes a little longer to grease round, but it is not half the trouble, and nothing like as messy, as the gun business. Of course, I may have been unfortunate in my selection of the system, and it may be that there are better, but that is as it may be. I only recorded my experience.

W. W.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Neville-Hart Cup Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. M. E. GOLDSTEIN and I. T. SIFTON.

## (Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. S.)  
 1. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd  
 2. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 3rd  
 3. P to B 4th P to Q 4th  
 4. B to K 5th B to K 2nd  
 5. Kt to B 3rd Castles  
 6. P to K 3rd P to Q R 3rd

Striking a note of uncertainty as to procedure, Kt to Q 2nd and P to B 4th is better.

7. P to B 5th Kt to K sq  
 8. B to K B 4th Kt to Q B 3rd  
 9. P to Q R 3rd P to B 3rd  
 10. P to Q Kt 4th P to K Kt 4th

With his forces so much hemmed in, this seems a very imprudent advance. Apparently he hoped to gain some freedom for his King's pieces but the cost proved too great.

11. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 2nd  
 12. P to R 3rd R to B 2nd  
 13. B to Q 3rd Kt to B 4th  
 14. B to R 2nd B to B sq  
 15. Q to B 2nd Q Kt to K 2nd  
 16. P to Kt 4th Kt to R 3rd  
 17. K to K 2nd

Played with excellent judgment, and better than Castling Q R. The King is quite safely posted, and the Q R rapidly brought into action.

18. R to Kt 2nd  
 19. Q R to K Kt sq Kt to Kt 3rd  
 20. P to K R 4th P to K 4th

Black is in a difficult position, but this only makes matters worse. Kt to K 2nd, or even P to Q B 3rd, is necessary.

21. R P takes P Kt takes P

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. S.)  
 21. Kt takes Q P

Taking prompt advantage of Black's blunder. Of course, if 21. —, Q takes Kt; 22. B to Q B 4th wins.

22. P takes P B to K 3rd  
 23. R takes Kt

Good again. If, now, 23. —, B takes R; 24. Kt to B 6th (ch) wins a piece.

24. P to K 4th B to K 3rd  
 25. R takes P B to K 2nd  
 26. R to B 5th Kt to R 5th  
 27. B to Q B 4th Q to Q 2nd  
 28. Kt to Q 4th

The position is remarkable. Since his 23rd move, White's Rook has been *en prise*, but could not, and cannot now be taken except at the cost of a second piece to Black.

28. B takes K (ch)  
 29. Q takes B (ch) K to R sq  
 30. P to K 6th

White promptly finishes off a game he has conducted throughout in first-class style.

30. Q to Q sq  
 31. B to K 5th B to B sq  
 32. R to R 5th P to Kt 4th  
 33. P takes P B to Q 3rd  
 (en pass.)

34. B takes R (ch) K takes B  
 35. Kt to B 5th (ch) Kt takes Kt  
 36. R takes P (ch) K to B 3rd  
 37. R to B 7th (ch) K to Kt 4th  
 38. P takes Kt  
 and mates in three moves.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Thanks for both contribution and further postcard. We have amended your original diagram in accordance with your suggestion.

J H DIXON (Pitlochry).—One is never too old to be safe from a trap. You have overlooked the reply of: 2. —, Q to B 2nd (ch). Your good wishes are heartily reciprocated.

W N POWELL (Ledbury).—We are pleased to receive your solutions. For two-movers, White's key-move is sufficient; for three-movers, the main variation in full is desirable.

W J G WALTERS (Wandsworth Common).—See preceding reply. Problems received with thanks from Rev. Noel Bonavia Hunt, E G B Barlow, A M Sparke, A Newman, and T K Wigan.

So many correspondents have sent us greetings and good wishes that space compels us to include them all in one general return of thanks for the kindly feelings so expressed.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3921.—By F. E. S. WATKINS.

## WHITE

1. B to Kt 4th  
 2. Mates accordingly.

## BLACK

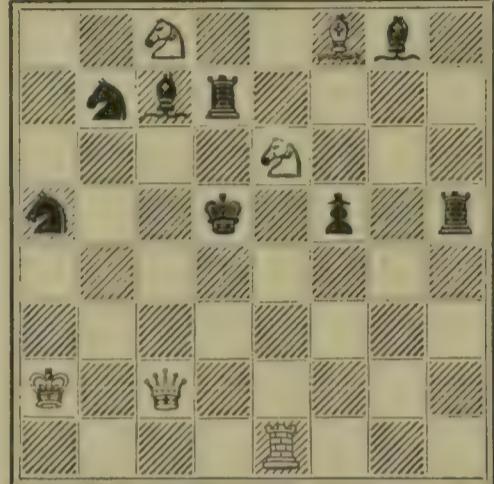
Anything.

A perilously balanced problem of the waiting type, without much attractiveness in the mating positions. The composer, however, will do better in days to come.

SOLUTIONS OF SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS.—No. 1, R to B 2nd; No. 2, Q to Kt 6th; No. 3, R to K sq; No. 4, R to K 7th; No. 5, R to K Kt 6th; No. 6, Kt to K B sq.

## PROBLEM No. 3923.—By ARTHUR MOSELEY, BRISBANE.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A Christmas greeting from Australia to problem-solvers far and wide.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3922 received from F J Falwell (Caterham), R B N (Tewkesbury), W L Salisbury (Burstall), J P S (Cricklewood), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), R P Nicholson (Crayke), A Edmeston (Worsley), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H Nicholson (Otley), S Caldwell (Hove), C H Watson (Masham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), L W Cafferata (Farndon), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J Hunter (Leicester), N W Powell (Ledbury), J F C Lysaght (Chapel Cleve), A Burgess (St. Leonard's), B Harris (Maghull), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), W J G Walters (Wandsworth Common), C J Gibbs (East Ham), J Gordon Lowe (Southport), F Entwistle (Edgeworth), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), C B S (Canterbury) and L H Luck (Southsea).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF SPECIAL PROBLEMS received from E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), 6; R B N (Tewkesbury), 6; J M K Lupton (Richmond), 6; C B S (Canterbury), 6; H Burgess (St. Leonard's), 6; J P S (Cricklewood), 6; R P Nicholson (Crayke), 5; H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), 5; L W Cafferata (Farndon), 5; F E S Watkins (Woolwich), 5; W N Powell (Ledbury), 5; J Hunter (Leicester), 5; J Bronsdon (City, E.C.), 5; S Caldwell (Hove), 5; F J Falwell (Caterham), 2; and M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), 1.

A surprising proportion of our best solvers came to grief over the first problem. They failed to notice that the Black Bishop must be prevented from going to Q Kt 8th, and this can only be achieved by 1. R to B 2nd instead of R to B sq.

The Hastings meeting proved—as Hastings chess festivals invariably do—a great success, and was marked by good entries, fine play, and popular attendances. The first prize in the premier tournament fell to the young Dutch master, M. Euwe, with the score of 7½ points, G. Maroczy being second with 7 points; and E. Colle and F. D. Yates tied for the third place with 6 points each. The Major Tournament was won by J. H. Morrison with 7½ points; the A Division of the First-Class Tournament by G. Wright with 9 points; and the B Division by B. M. Norman with 8½ points.

The first congress of the London Chess League was unfortunately marred by its coincidence in date with the Hastings gathering, and the tournament for the London Championship had to be consequently abandoned. The Boys' Championship was secured by J. Alcock with the highest possible score of 9 points; while L. Savage and W. H. Watts divided the honours of the A Tournament with 5½ points, and J. A. Keen took first place in the B Tournament with 7½ points.

"Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (familiarly known as "Burke"), of which the 1924 volume (the eighty-second) is now available, is a truly wonderful book. It has been called "the Englishman's Bible" in less democratic days, and it is indeed an epitome of English history as far as it concerns the Royal House and the nobility. It was founded in 1826 by John Burke, carried on by his son, Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, and then edited by his younger son, Mr. Ashworth Burke. Since his death the control has passed to the Burke Publishing Company, Ltd. The new volume has been edited by Mr. Alfred Butler, secretary to Sir Henry Farnham Burke, K.C.V.O., Garter King of Arms, eldest son of Sir Bernard Burke. A special feature of the 1924 edition of "Burke's Peerage" is a Diplomatic Section, giving the names and addresses of Foreign Embassies and Legations, and their chief officials. High Commissioners and Agents-General also appear. One unique section in "Burke" is the alphabetical list of all persons who have any claim to Precedency, with the number which indicates their position in the scale. There are also sections on foreign titles borne by British subjects, with biographies of Knights, Privy Councillors, and Bishops, and chapters on the Orders of Knighthood.

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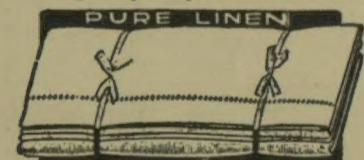
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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE FLAME."  
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THE return of Miss Violet Vanbrugh has been made—at Wyndham's—in "The Flame," a piece adapted for the actress by Mr. J. B. Fagan from the original of M. Charles Méré, its heroine being a Bohemian artist, one of your cabaret performers, Cleo by name, who is called upon to choose between her profession, a man virtually in the position of husband, and the tastes of a lifetime on the one hand, and on the other the appeal of an innocent lad, her son by an English peer, whose outlook on the world and predilections are wholly different from her own. The big scene shows the son and the lover asserting their respective claims in the presence of the heroine, the honours of any really natural emotion going to the lover; and the play ends, as any play of the sort which is to be at all true to life must end, with the boy finding a more

appropriate object for his love in a girl of his own type, upbringing, and fastidiousness. Not a few of the details of the story are far-fetched, and to an English audience the idea of a peer being able to make a son born out of marriage his legitimate heir cannot carry conviction; but the play, though of an artificial kind, has some affecting passages, and serves well as a vehicle for the rather flamboyant and mannered art of Miss Vanbrugh. Her deep voice tells in moments of declamation, she has pleasant support in the boy's part from Mr. Ralph Forbes, and, whatever else is not sincere, there is genuine sincerity as well as force and character in the acting of Mr. Sam Livesey as the heroine's Bohemian lover.

## MR. DONALD CALTHROP'S VARIANT ON SHAKESPEARE.

It is perhaps not too extravagant to imagine Mr. Donald Calthrop, after his failure to secure the substantial support he should have received for his gallant Shakespearean enterprises at the Kingsway,

saying to himself: "Very well, if they won't have Shakespeare, they shall have the other thing," his alternative being that old and none too exhilarating farce on the subject of eugenics, "The Very Idea." To plunge thus from the heights may have the air of a challenge, but surely argues some poverty of resource. Are there no young playwrights to whom a young and spirited actor-manager can turn? He and we know that there are, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Calthrop's violent change of policy, and revival of a farce which handles with exiguous taste and humour a theme not appropriate to its genre, merely means that he is taking time to look round and to discover some golden mean between the ambitious and the negligible. Meantime, his is an amusing enough sketch of the young husband, and he gets good help from Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Oddly enough, Mr. Balio Holloway does not seem able to make much of the material that falls to his lot: is it because this brilliant comedian needs costume to set off his effects?

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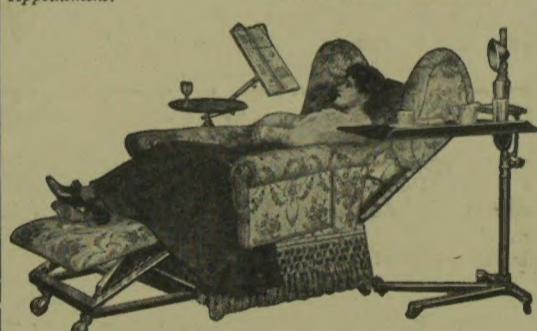
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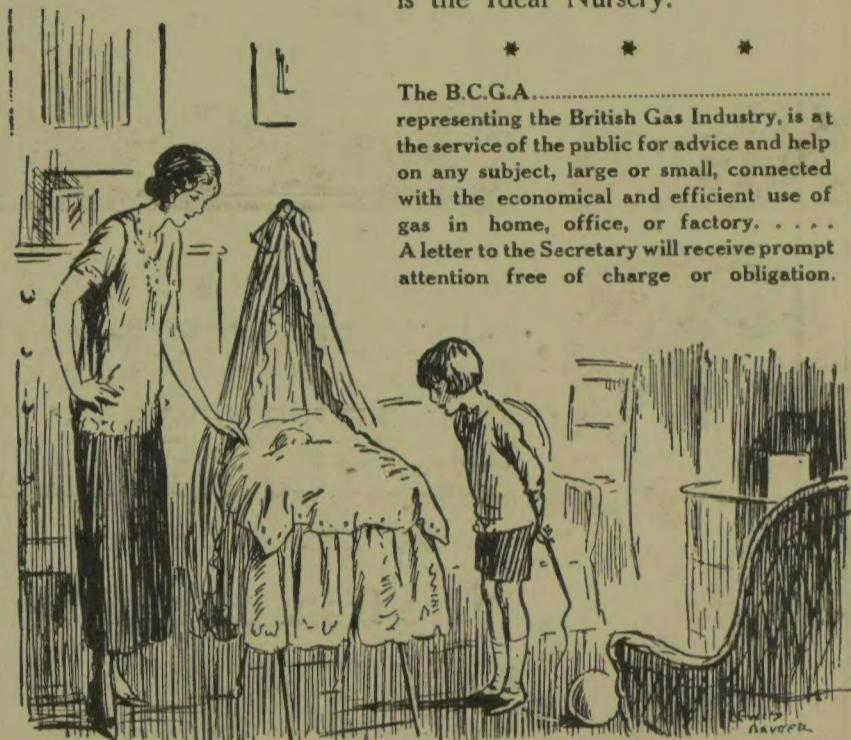
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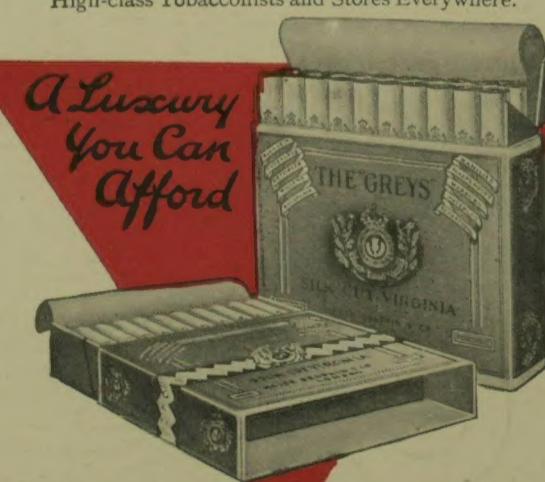
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